

Children's Newspaper, February 8, 1930

The C.N. for a Lonely Child
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 568

Week Ending
FEBRUARY 8, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

MIRACLE ON MIRACLE

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AN ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAINS

THE PEASANT CHASED BY HUNGRY WOLVES

The Welcome Ringing of the
Village Bells

HOW A STRANGE NOISE SAVED A LIFE

From the borders of Spain and Portugal comes a wonderful story rather like a legend of the Middle Ages, but it is true. It is something that has actually happened as a piece of everyday life in our own time.

There are still wolves in the mountainous forest-clad region near Zamora, but wolves, like most beasts of prey, are timid things and do not leave the wilderness to venture near human dwellings unless hunger forces them. That is why our Saxon ancestors called January the Wolf Month; only when winter made other prey scarce would the wolves leave the woods to rob the homesteads in the valley.

Running For His Life

This happens now, as C.N. readers know. Whenever the winter has been excessively severe, and food has been scarce in their mountain fastnesses, the wolves appear at the borders of civilisation and menace the lives of men.

This winter a peasant called Dicanor went to work in a field which was a little distance from the village. He was trudging to work with his eyes on the ground like Bunyan's Man with the Muck Rake, and when something made him look up he saw a number of wolves coming to meet him.

He turned and ran for his life; but he knew only too well that the ravenous pack would overtake him long before he could reach help.

They were close on his heels, and he expected to be pulled down at any moment, when church bells rang out in the village.

The sounds of pursuit ceased. When Dicanor summoned up courage to look over his shoulder he saw the whole pack in full flight.

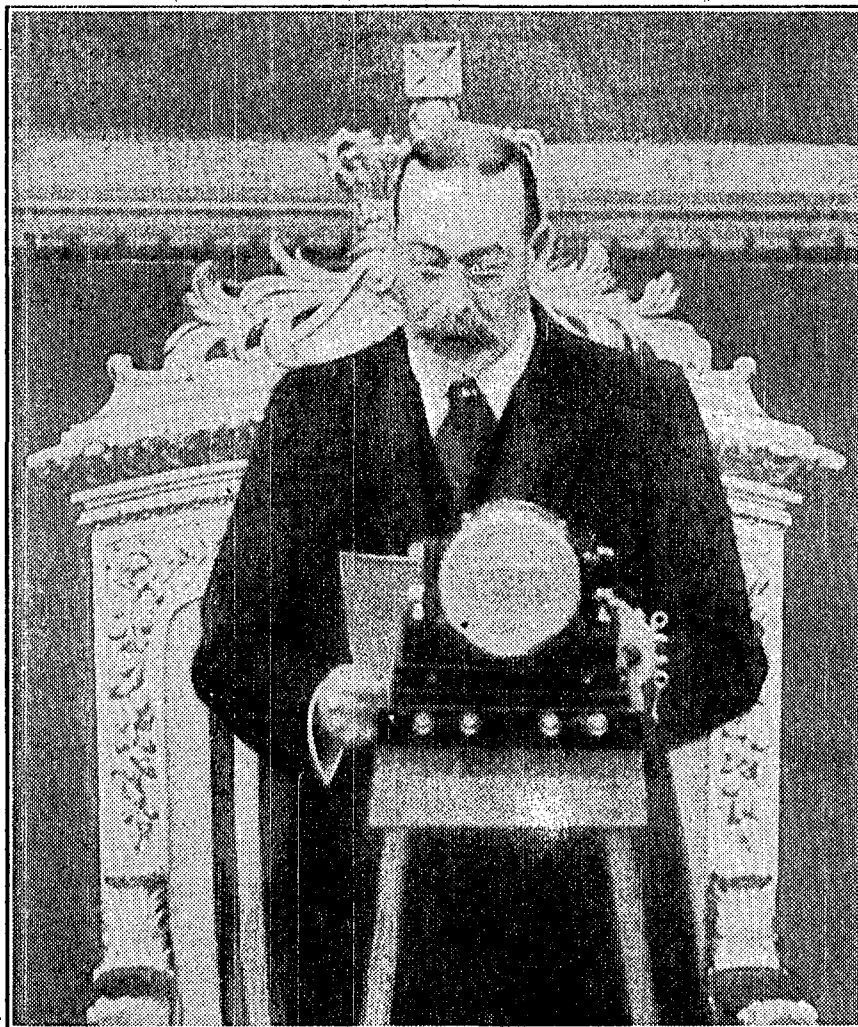
Terrified Wolves

Never before had these mountain wolves heard church bells. They had no idea what the strange noise meant, and, like some human beings, they were terrified by a new thing.

If the service had been half an hour later there would have been no Dicanor to stagger white-faced into his cottage and stammer out the tale of how he had been saved by the blessed bells.

He and his kin will never hear them again without some words of thanksgiving, we may be very sure. This story will be told over and over again, and perhaps it will be embroidered as time goes on, and then our great grandchildren will disbelieve it all. It will be a pity, for the truth is wonderful enough.

The King to the World



King George at the microphone in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords

WHAT THE KING SAID

The King's speech at the opening of the Naval Conference, delivered in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, was heard in all parts of the world.

The King stood facing a great painting of Wellington shaking hands with Blucher after Waterloo, a striking reminder of the absence of Germany from the Conference. Not far away was a wood-carving of King Arthur conquering the Marvellous Giant, a striking reminder of the fact that the Conference is the most important step yet taken since the Peace Treaty for the conquering of the dragon of War.

In these glowing words the King called upon the Conference to save the world from the grim and immense tragedy which still so heavily burdens mankind.

It is with sincere satisfaction that I am present here to welcome the delegates of the five principal Naval Powers assembled with the object of eliminating the evil results of wasteful competition in naval armaments.

Every nation represented here is proud of its Navy, proud of that Navy's past achievements and inspiring traditions. It is not the fault of these traditions nor of our navies if competition in naval construction has led to a feeling of insecurity between nations, and even to the risk of war. Since the Great War all peoples have determined that human statecraft shall leave nothing undone to prevent a repetition of that grim and immense tragedy.

I believe that you, to whom your Governments have entrusted the high mission of continuing the task begun at Washington, are animated with the single-minded intention of working, not with any selfish and exclusively

nationalistic purpose, but with the noble inspiration and resolve to remove once and for all this particular obstacle from the path of ordered and civilised progress.

All nations have varying needs demanding special consideration, but if each is equally determined to make some sacrifice as a contribution to the common good I feel sure that your deliberations will confer a great and lasting benefit not only upon the countries which you represent, but upon mankind generally.

I earnestly trust that the results of this Conference will lead to immediate alleviation of the heavy burden of armaments now weighing upon the peoples of the world, and hasten the time when a general disarmament conference can deal with this problem in an even more comprehensive manner. In this hope I shall follow your deliberations with the closest interest and attention.

PETER PUCK CALLING MR. LANSBURY

JUST IN TIME FOR SUMMER

Lending Library for Daddy:
Lending Toyshop for Tommy

CHILDREN'S CASTLE IN SPAIN

Peter Puck calling Mr. Lansbury:

London children will soon be grumbling at the London parks. It will be impossible to hush up what has happened in Madrid.

A part of the Retiro Gardens has been furnished with a children's library and with a magical toyshop. We say "magical" because a toyshop where there is nothing to pay has always figured in our dreams of Fairyland. It would be as good as the chocolate house with the toffee roof which so enchanted Hansel and Gretel.

The toyshop in the Children's Corner of the Retiro Gardens does expect you to return the playthings before you go home to tea, but what does it matter? You can come and borrow them again tomorrow!

Everybody to Play

There are no sad little groups of ragged children watching luckier children at their play. Everybody is playing. If there is one child who is left out of all the fun it is not for lack of a ball or a boat, but because he is a cry-baby or a sulky Sue or has eaten too much dinner, and such people would not be satisfied with twenty toyshops.

It is such an excellent idea, and must be such a help to mothers and nannies, that everyone will ask why no one has thought of it before. From the Lending Library to the Lending Toyshop seems such a little step.

The nurseries of the world will salute Spain for taking this step. We have often dreamed of a Castle in Spain; here is one indeed for our little folk. Young London is quite prepared to make out for Mr. Lansbury a list of the sort of things he ought to stock in Lending Toyshops here; and if he pays half as much attention to such letters as Santa Claus does our rates and taxes will go up like balloons.

But John Bull Junior assures us that it doesn't matter, and asks how many o's there are in Scooter!

RUSSIA TOO MISERABLE FOR BELLS

The Russian Government has ordered the melting-down of all the church bells at Tiflis, the profits to be devoted to setting up a zoo.

The destruction of the bells of the famous cathedral of St. Isaac's in Leningrad is expected to yield a hundred tons of copper and a large quantity of silver.

Synagogues and mosques are being closed everywhere, and all candlesticks in churches are being confiscated.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH A LION

KING OF BEASTS ON HIS
BEST BEHAVIOUR

Remarkable Stories From
Tanganyika and the Congo

SIM AND HIS FRIENDS

*Let me play the lion. I will roar you as
gently as any sucking dove. I will roar
you an' twere any nightingale.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream

The lions of the world are learning softer manners. At St. James's Palace they are lowering their roars to the cooings of the dove, as Bottom the Weaver might say.

In Africa, too, the good example has spread. M. J. de Quidt, of the Belgian Colonial Office, tells the tale of two lion cubs who became the pets of the cattle farm of Katentania Katanga in the Congo.

They were practically orphaned. They had been found as very small cubs no bigger than cats in the river grass. After they had been taken to the farm their parents came to seek them and made a terrific fuss outside the farm building where the cubs were lying. After a night of roaring, and some rifle shots, they went off and left the foundlings for ever.

Lion Cubs Like Big Dogs

Thereafter the cubs made themselves so much at home that a little native boy of ten who was their attendant used to ride them as if they were big dogs when they grew strong enough to bear him.

When they were two years old they had become rather big for pets, and were sent to the Zoological Gardens at Pretoria, where they are now.

M. de Quidt says that as they were on their way he saw them at Elizabethville, and both the cubs greeted him as an old friend.

That is one story. Here is another, more remarkable still, which we take from The Times. It is the story of Sim, who was picked up as a diminutive cub after a prairie fire among the scrub of Tanganyika.

A Fond Foster Mother

Sim was at once adopted by an old nanny goat in the camp where he was taken. She proved the fondest of foster mothers, and Sim thrived astonishingly. He became the pet of the camp, made friends with a pet baboon, and never showed any desire to return to his native wilds, even when other lions were roaring invitations to all and sundry to come out.

The camp was one of American scientific men, and so fond had they become of Sim and Sim of them that when they had to return home they decided to send him to the United States as a first-class immigrant, passage paid from Mombasa to New York.

Making Friends at Sea

Sim, now the size of a collie, quite fell in with the idea, and on the cargo steamer he made friends with as much readiness as ever. He actually roamed the boat. The only precaution taken with him was to put a notice at the door of the cabin which he shared with the steward: *The occupant of this cabin is a British lion. Don't pull his tail.*

No American has ever tried to twist Sim's tail since, and the consequence is that he spent most of his time last summer in roaming the garden roof of the Milwaukee Museum.

He extended the most affectionate greetings to his old camp friends when they came to see him, and he is now an amiable guest at the Milwaukee Zoo.

No one ever hurt Sim, and he has never hurt anybody.

BLOWN ACROSS THE SEA

HOW A SHIP CAME TO
TOBERMORY BAY

Like the Legend of Leif
Ericsson Come True

SCHOONER'S ADVENTURE

Was Leif Ericsson, setting out from Norway in the year 1000 to take Christianity to his father's kingdom in Greenland, really blown to an unknown land, which proved the New World, the America which Columbus was to re-discover nearly five hundred years later?

The stories say he was, and history agrees. Now, as if to prove the thing possible, another little ship has been blown across the Atlantic, this time from West to East, from Newfoundland to Scotland.

Columbus's men wept because they thought that they were sailing uphill, driven by a wind whose direction could never change. Storm and current such as brought the great discoverer home have brought a little British schooner from Newfoundland to Tobermory against her will.

Not much bigger than Leif's small craft, the Neptune, captained by Job

Us

All the nations have not the same interest in each arm, but they have all an interest in the general armed state of the world.

The way of Great Britain is on the sea, for it is a small island. The stock of its people came dashing across the sea; its defence and its highroads have been the sea; its flag is a flag of the sea. Our Navy is no mere superfluity to us. It is us.

So if this country can make a contribution to peace which will be one of deeds as well as of words it must be as a naval Power.

The Prime Minister

Kean Barbour, and with a lady among the passengers, was caught while coasting Newfoundland and blown, buffeted, and carried by wind and currents right across the ocean, a two-months voyage, after having resisted storm and tempest which had played havoc with the great ocean liners. She is of only 129 tons.

Her gear and her boats were smashed, and there was a constant struggle to keep her before the wind. Bearings and sense of direction were lost, and the crew toiled night and day with such frenzied anxiety that for seven weeks not a man on board could either wash or shave. Out of the cold they reached warmer latitudes and thought they were approaching Africa. Actually it was Scotland, bathed in a heat-wave, on which they were bearing down, to be taken at last in tow by a friendly vessel and hauled safely into the harbour under whose waters a Spanish treasure galleon has for nearly four centuries been a prisoner.

In Progress For Ages

This unaided exchange between continents has been in progress for ages. British birds, singly and in flocks, have been blown to America; every year American birds are blown to Great Britain. For centuries the only fuel for the fires of the northern islands were trees borne, like gifts from Providence, by the sea from some unknown Western land of mystery, the Islands of the Blessed, good churchmen thought. We were in America's debt even then.

Leif did his voyage and came home. If proof were needed still, here it is in the Odyssey of the little Neptune. What man has done man can repeat, and the Neptune with her heroes, is witness.

THE KINEMA DANGER

Why Not Make it Safe
for Children?

PUTTING OUT A FIRE IN TIME

The danger of the inflammable film in kinemas continues to create anxiety in the public mind. There have been two more cases reported.

A celluloid film caught fire at a Streatham kinema, happily without serious consequences, and a film burst into flames at a performance at Meadowfield, near Durham. In both cases the audiences were wise and no serious damage was done, but the incidents serve to emphasise the grave need for the intervention by Parliament to make the kinema safe for children.

A Safety Device

The kinema will never be 100 per cent safe until non-inflammable films are used, but as long as the trade successfully resists them the next best thing is to do all that can be done to reduce the risk of fire.

Our attention has been called to a safety contrivance which can very easily be fitted to film projectors to guard against the usual troubles likely to cause fire. If the projector is not running as it should the current is immediately cut off.

The most common cause of fire in kinemas is due to the heat of the arc lamps igniting that part of the film immediately in front of it should there be a stoppage. In the event of this happening, however, not only is the current switched off immediately, but two fire-traps automatically close on to the film where it leaves and enters the spool boxes, thus preventing the fire from spreading.

WHY A GREAT FLIGHT FAILED

Life-Saving Power Too Far
Away

The story has already been told in the C.N. of the daring airman who flew from Johannesburg to Malanga to carry anti-hydrophobia serum for a missionary's wife who had been bitten by a mad dog.

Unhappily his daring, and all the efforts that had been made to obtain the serum from the Pasteur laboratory at Cape Town, were thrown away. The remedy arrived too late.

But what is almost as lamentable as this loss of a valuable life and all the waste of effort is that the anti-rabies serum could be obtained only from Cape Town.

It is not altogether astonishing to find a small tropical township like Malanga in Angola, Portuguese West Africa, without this precious serum. Even Johannesburg had to send to Cape Town for it. It seems that there is none nearer than 1500 miles from where it was needed.

In Africa, where such accidents are not rare, one would expect depots for serums against rabies or vaccines for tropical diseases to be established in every capital and every large town.

ANCIENT AND MODERN IN NORWAY

Sir Richard Terry, the famous musician, has been to Norway.

On a visit to a town in the far north of Norway he heard none of the Norwegian folk-songs that he used to hear in his youth. He went for a stroll on a warm day, and every house had either a pianola or a gramophone, with at least one-third of the gramophones churning out American records. In a town where about one in three people understood English they were listening every night to American stuff.

A GANG OF ROGUES

WHAT THE HATRY CASE
WAS ABOUT

Shaking the Foundations of
National Prosperity

THE TRAIL OF WRONGDOING

There was a sigh of relief everywhere when Clarence Hatry and his company of swindlers went through the prison gate.

For six months the result of their criminal practices has been felt throughout the land by large and small investors. The very foundations of credit have been shaken on the Stock Exchange. The trust of the public in the banking system has received a grave blow. The values of investments have been damaged to an almost incredible extent.

An Unpleasant Revelation

Never before have there been such financial crimes in this country as this man and his associates have been guilty of. They were forgers on the most colossal scale; swindlers of municipalities like Gloucester and Wakefield and Swindon; falsifiers of documents which enabled them to take hundreds of thousands of pounds from honest folk. There is little evidence that they did anything creative to build up their wealth, and the fact that such men could command the support of banks, even after the banks had been warned by the character of their operations, was an unpleasant revelation to the public.

One of its results was that the investing public became alarmed, and all honest securities have suffered a serious decline. It may be said that there is hardly an honest investor in the country who has not suffered in some way from the operations of these rogues.

Flaunting Ill-Gotten Gains

Yet the chief of them all, Clarence Hatry, lived in a sort of palace in Mayfair and flaunted his ill-gotten gains in vulgar style. He must even have a swimming-bath and a cocktail bar in his house. Yet he stood high in his own world; he was trusted by municipal corporations and by great banks; he was highly respected on the Stock Exchange.

Now he is in prison for 14 years, and his accomplices for shorter terms, and one of his fellow conspirators has run away to Italy, where no doubt proud Signor Mussolini will see that he is brought to justice. The C.N. has little concern with crime, but this case has struck a blow at public confidence in the safety of our national savings, and it is needful that something should now be done by those who have failed the public—certain of our municipalities, all our great banks, and the Stock Exchange itself. Public confidence must be restored as the first essential step to financial recovery, and the public will look to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to see that no step is left untaken to make it impossible for men like these ever again to shatter the very foundations of our national prosperity.

THINGS SAID

Beauty is necessary for social health.
Lord Moynihan

It seems to me that folk get lazier.
Mr. Augustine Birrell at 80

There are any number of dead men and women walking about not knowing they are dead.
Mr. Shaw Desmond

The British Museum has more explosive material than bombshells.

A Retiring Superintendent
Unfortunately the sense of beauty is not as widespread as the sense of comfort
The Minister of Health

Be not of a sad countenance. Jesus

February 8, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

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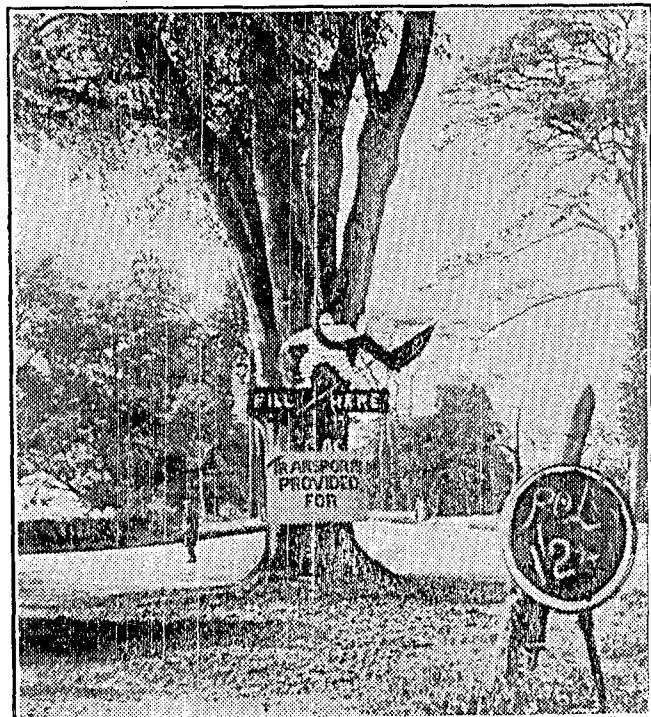
TURNTABLE FOR CARS · ALL IN A DAY'S WORK · LAMBS IN THE MEADOWS



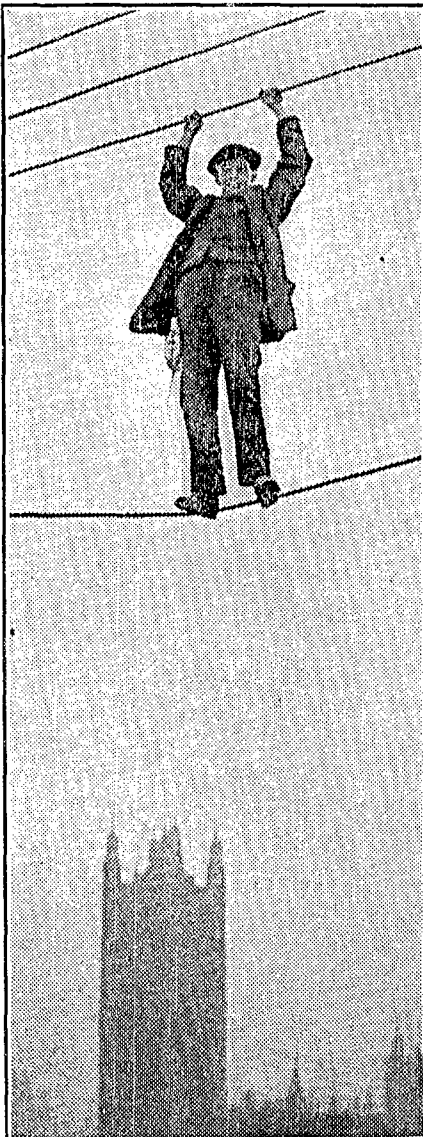
Homes Wrecked by the Sea—This winter's exceptionally heavy seas have caused damage on many coasts. The above picture shows the damage done at Greystones, in County Wicklow, Ireland, where part of the seashore was washed away and a terrace of houses wrecked.



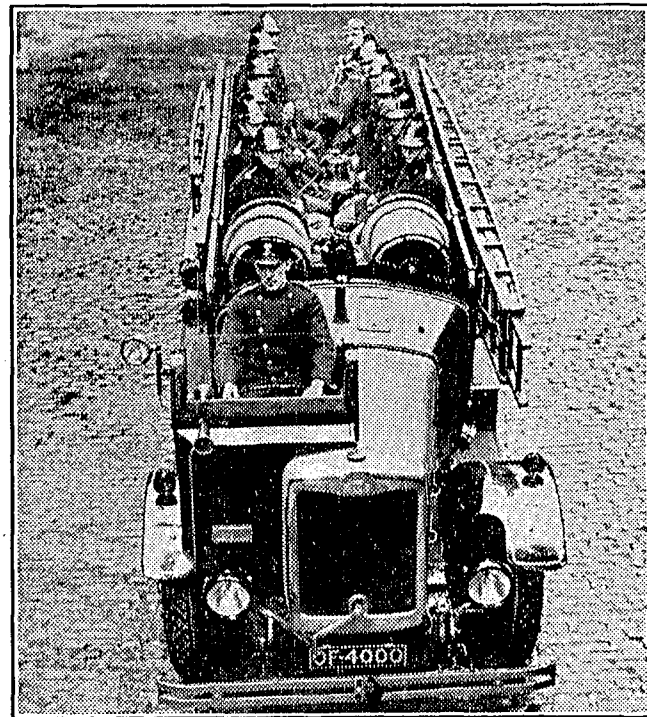
A Friend in Need—Our unusually mild winter has not been altogether without snow, as this picture from Wales reminds us. The ponies found their normal food supply hidden by a white carpet, but were considerably cheered when a good friend brought them some hay.



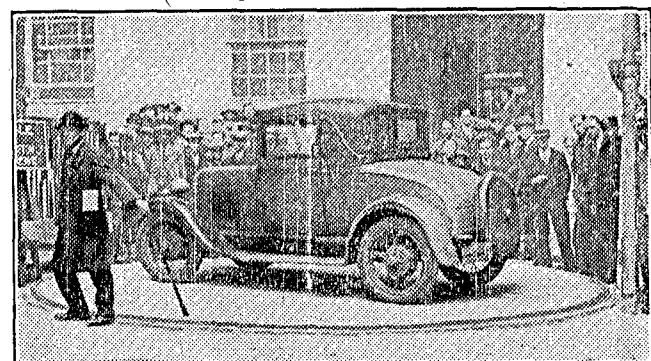
What is a Tree For?—This horrible sight on an English green is typical of advertising which is ruining our countryside. The Editor has written a striking article on this subject in My Magazine.



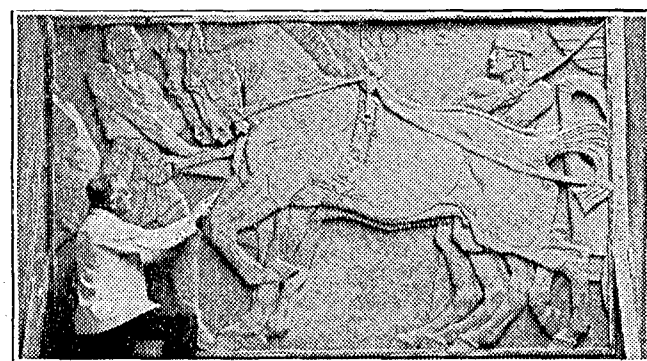
All in a Day's Work—Here a telephone linesman is seen carrying on with part of his day's work high above London, not far from the Houses of Parliament.



Safety for Firemen—This powerful new engine of the Birmingham Fire Brigade, which can travel at 50 miles an hour, has seats inside the tender for a large crew, a much safer position than the old.



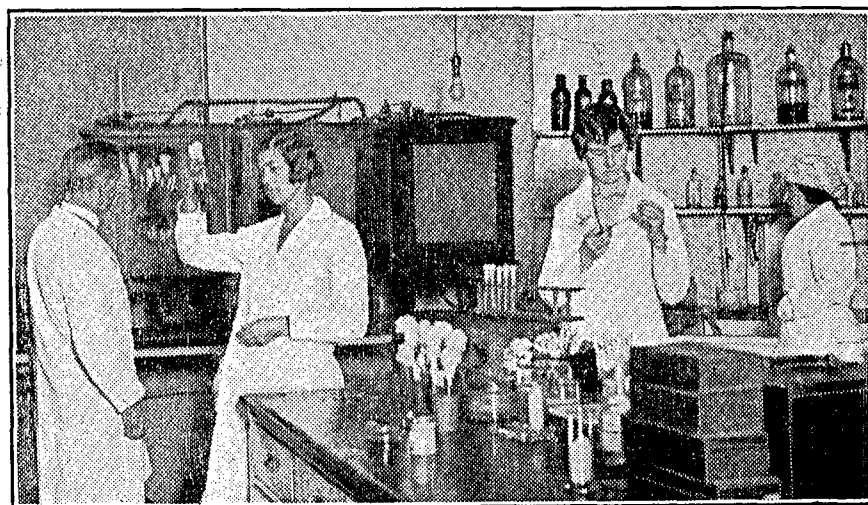
Turntable for Cars—Turntables similar to those used on the railways have long been found in big garages, but the first one to be built in a London street has just been completed in St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate. Here we see it in operation.



For London's Outdoor Gallery—A new London theatre is to have a sculptured panel more than 100 feet long as part of its exterior decoration. Here Mr. Gilbert Bayes is seen at work on part of the panel, which symbolises Ancient Rome.



New Arrivals—Lambs are now making their appearance in many meadows, where their happy play is a delight to see. Here is a little group of newcomers in a park at Devizes.



Fighting Disease—The Royal Institute of Public Health is moving to new headquarters in London. This picture shows one of its laboratories in which disease germs are incubated.

WAR DEBTS AGAIN STILL SETTling THEM

How Europe is Solving an
Old-Standing Quarrel

BRITAIN'S LITTLE BIT

It seems as if at last we really are managing to clear up the financial problems left by the war, and as the war ended over eleven years ago it cannot be said that we have shown unseemly haste.

We reported last week the settlement with Germany. But the Young Plan applies also to the war debts of Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, and before they left The Hague the delegates came to an agreement as to the working of the Plan in relation to these countries.

In regard to Austria and Bulgaria the matter was fairly simple, for Austria can afford hardly anything and Bulgaria very little, and that is what they are to pay. The case of Hungary is complicated by the old quarrel about the dispossessed landholders in the territories taken from her by her neighbours, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugo-Slavia, known as the Little Entente.

Striking a Balance

For years the League has been trying to secure an agreement as to compensation for these Optants, as they are called. Rumania, whom it most concerned, said her land system had been changed and the great landholders dispossessed after the war in favour of peasant proprietors, as almost everywhere else in Eastern Europe; and as Rumanian landowners were not compensated there was no reason why Hungarian landowners should be, treaty or no treaty.

And, of course, Hungary stood by her treaty rights; especially she declared that she could not pay Reparations to countries who owed this money to her own people till a balance had been struck between the two classes of debts.

What has happened now is just that. A balance has been struck. A fund is to be created which is to be divided among the Optants. To this fund the Little Entente Powers will contribute something substantially less than they are to receive as Reparations from Hungary, while the Great Powers will generously contribute something substantially more than they are to receive. Britain, for instance, will pay out £50,000 a year for thirteen years, and something under £25,000 a year for another thirteen years.

But assuredly a definite settlement is cheap at the price. Everybody is tired of the whole business.

THE ANTARCTIC AGAINST A MAN

Marooned on the Ice Barrier

Like the Arctic, the Antarctic is never conquered, though brave men never hesitate to imperil their lives in its conquest.

It has put forth all its icy forces to defeat the daring expedition of Admiral Byrd, the American airman and explorer, massing its ice-pack against the expedition so as to cut it off from supplies. These supplies were necessary for Admiral Byrd's men, who, without them, could not sustain themselves in the approaching winter.

Norwegian whalers were requisitioned to make their way through the pack, but it was doubtful if the small vessels could get through without the help of larger ones. Unless relief came in 30 days, it was announced in the middle of January, it would be hopeless.

Wireless and aeroplanes are part of the Byrd expedition's equipment, but in the last resort it is man's courage and resource which fight the forces of Nature and win the victory.

Driving War From the Sea HIGH HOPE OF THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

Five Chief Powers Looking Forward
to a Great Achievement for Mankind

HOW THE KING RETURNED TO THE HEAD OF WORLD AFFAIRS

The Naval Conference is writing a new chapter in the history not only of St. James's Palace but of the nation and mankind.

Everybody hopes that these weeks of conference by Five Great Powers now sitting in the heart of London will usher in a new era of peace.

The scene in the Royal Gallery on the opening day was an impressive beginning for an impressive event. The hundreds of people gathered there must have felt, as they listened to the words of the King, the Prime Minister, and the representatives of the nations, that here was a new start for us all. They must have thought, as they left the dense fog outside, that here was the light of faith and reason.

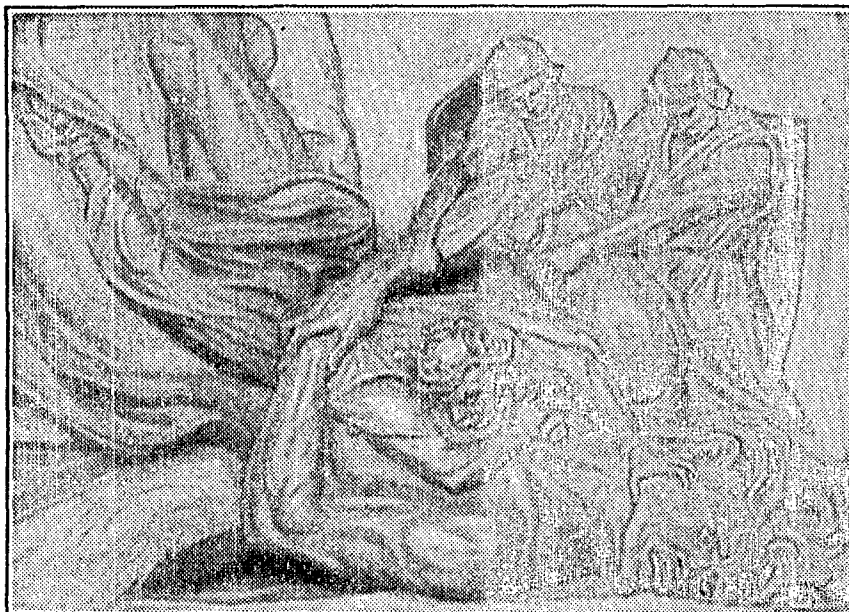
What we liked best about it all was the sight of this expectant throng, in many ways one of the most powerful assemblies ever brought together, and then the opening of a door that hardly

they give, and would like to escape from their influence and their power. And yet, as has been shown again and again, the difficulties in the way are manifold.

All, however, come mainly from one source—a lack of confidence. The spirit of doubt whispers "There will be some State which will refuse to carry out its obligations to the community of peaceful States; the machinery of arbitration will break down somewhere and somehow; do what we may, a situation will arise one day when a deadlock of some kind will have to be faced, and there will be but one remaining method, the old-fashioned one of a fight."

Thus a habit of mind, nurtured by the experience of many generations, controls our thinking and our action, casts a shiver of hesitancy over all our peace efforts, and prevents a great change in our attitude to militarism as a means of national security.

As a matter of fact, the generations of experience which fear uses to pen us up in the



Just through the doorway of the Royal Gallery in which the Peace Conference opened is this wood carving of King Arthur "Conquering the Marvellous Giant," a hopeful portent of the conquest of the terrible giant of war.

anybody noticed, and the appearance of an English gentleman in a frock-coat walking up the aisle to the throne.

King George was at the head of the world's affairs, back from the shadow of death.

Without taking his seat, he stood at the silver microphone and spoke for ten minutes to the world. His eyes as he looked up fell on a picture of England and Germany shaking hands, with France on the stricken field; today beside him stood France happy and content, with Germany absent as a disarmed nation. A striking example it was, surely, of the futility of the wars of ages past, of the attempt to govern the world by the force of brutes. We give on page One the noble words of the King, in which he called mankind to Peace; they came from his heart, and they have reached the hearts of men in every land on Earth.

The Prime Minister's Speech

It must have been a great comfort to the King that his return to public affairs should have been at so great a moment. Most worthily his Majesty celebrated it, and the speeches that followed were on the high level he set.

Let us take first the speech of our own Prime Minister, who, with President Hoover, has brought about this Conference and given the world new hope.

Every country today (said Mr. MacDonald), wealthy and poverty-stricken alike, feels the burden of arms, dreads their competitive development, doubts the value of the security

spellbound fastnesses of militarism ought by their failures to enlighten us so that we break the spell and seek for peace and security by other means. That will come. How marvelously slow it has been. How easy it is to retard the progress of States when old habit can be enlisted to fight enlightened reason.

The whole world, it may be said with almost literal accuracy, is turning its eyes upon us today. It expects that we shall deliberate and negotiate on the assumption that, having put our names to Pacts, we mean to respect our signatures. It prays that we shall not only relieve it of burdens, but establish it still more securely in the ways of peace.

We Must Succeed

The American delegate, Mr. Stimson, after expressing his delight that they were meeting in the Houses of Parliament, the cradle of the American people's ideas of human liberty, declared that America regarded disarmament as a goal to be reached by stages, but the American delegates were prepared to stay in London till the way had been found for a successful foundation for Peace.

"Our peoples (said Mr. Stimson) demand of us a success; they recognise the disaster that a failure would bring to their dearest hopes, and they are determined that we shall succeed."

Australia and Canada followed, both with hope and enthusiasm, and then came the Prime Minister of France, M. Tardieu, with the veteran M. Briand sitting beside him at the table.

SPAIN GROWING KINDLIER

Saving the Children From
Brutality

AN EXAMPLE FOR OUR HUNTING FIELDS

Spain, so often reproached for the brutality of her bull-fights, has nevertheless awakened to set one good example to some who have blamed her. Children under the age of 14 are not admitted to see them.

In several of the English picture papers of late there have been photographs of groups of English children of the hunting counties who have been assembled to be given lessons in the practices of this sham sport of hunting.

The little innocents thus brought together are of any age down to five, and among the practices with which they are made familiar is that of bleeding them. This means that their cheeks are wiped with the blood-stained pad of a murdered fox.

A Disgusting Practice

The purpose of the new Spanish decree is stated as the protection of young people against excessively strong impressions which may later stamp their ideas and character.

Is there anything more likely to stamp unpleasant ideas on English children than this disgusting practice of bleeding? Many children are horrified when subjected to it, and we do not wonder. It is a vulgar practice.

Before English hunting men speak again of Spanish brutality in the bull-ring they might consider the brutalising results of allowing young children to be present at hunts. Any Spaniard seeing what is done and what is permitted by hunting people in England would probably put down their condemnation of bull-fights as canting hypocrisy.

Continued from the previous column

Against the forces of the past (said M. Tardieu) we must now win the finest of victories, the victory of the peoples of goodwill. France brings to you, as her contribution to the common work, both her goodwill and her will. Gentlemen, let us be equal to the noble duty which our people expect us to do.

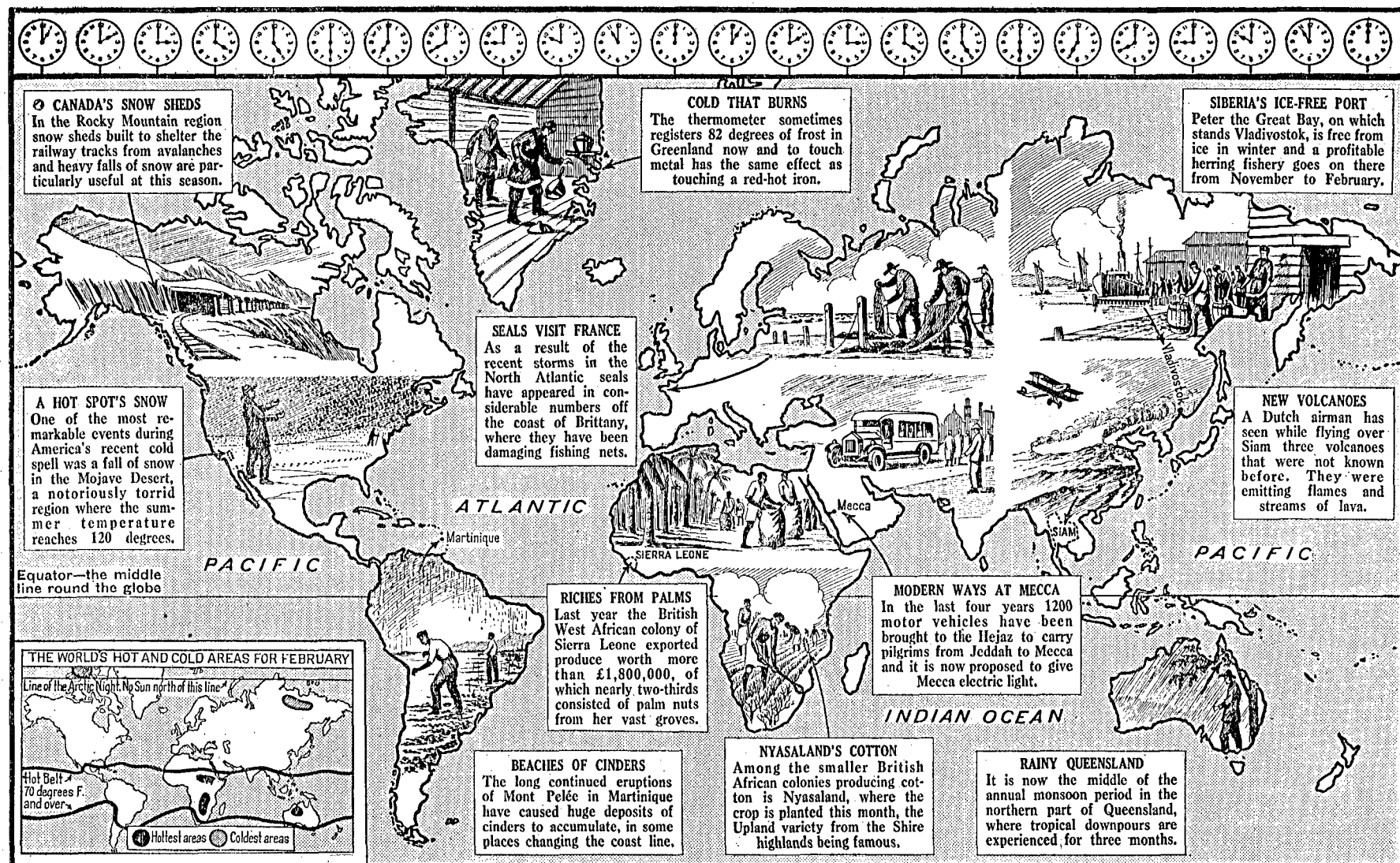
Now spoke Signor Grandi for Italy. The Italian Government, he said, speaking in English, would be second to none in its efforts to find a solution for which the whole world looks, an agreement which would make it possible to devote to works of peace much of the vast sums now spent on naval armaments. Italy was carrying out a vast programme of work which required a long period of peace, and she desired nothing better than to carry it out in a peaceful world.

We have become convinced (added Signor Grandi) that the problem is one calling for courageous action, for in the field of disarmament there is much truth in the saying that half-measures are always a failure.

Next rose the representative of Japan, Mr. Wakatsuki. Conscious of the difficulties before them, he sees no insuperable obstacles in the path and, as for Japan, she was ready to go to the limit with all other Powers in fulfilling the eager expectancy of sorely-tried humanity and earning the gratitude of generations to come.

So the great hope of all nations expressed itself through the voices of the Five Great Powers. The work goes on, and must go on for weeks. There is much to do, many obstacles to surmount, but an eagerness to succeed stirs every heart, and we must look forward with the faith that all is well.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



FOUR ARAB HORSES Why They Went to Rome

There is a fairy tale quality about the marriage of princes and princesses which cannot but make all hearts beat to a quicker measure.

There seemed no end to all the lovely things which found their way to the Palace in Rome for the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy, from exquisite tapestries and rare old pictures and things made of silver and gold. In spite of their request that all wedding gifts should be sent to charity instead of to them, they received a great number, and we cannot help thinking that not one of all these gifts was quite so much in the fairy tale tradition as the gift of the Regent of Hungary, for it was nothing more nor less than a team of the four finest Arab horses that Hungary could produce.

The Hungarians have been a horse-loving and horse-breeding people ever since they came riding into Europe from Asia more than a thousand years ago; and the two State studs are justly famed far beyond the confines of the country. It was from one of these that the Regent chose the four beautiful greys which he sent to the Italian Crown Prince.

As they are carriage horses he sent a neat Hungarian dog-cart with them. And the scene when the Hungarian Minister presented the gift to Crown Prince Umberto, and the fiery team, in their resplendent harness, dashed past to show their action while two Hungarian coachmen in red-embroidered native liveries sat impassively behind them, was, in this age of motor-cars, like a page out of the Arabian Nights.

TRAIN WIRELESS

First-class passengers on the trains from Havre to Paris can now listen to wireless broadcasting. Music and talks from the Eiffel Tower, Radio Paris, and 5 XX are tuned in at regular intervals. Passengers can hire a pair of headphones from the attendant and listen.

NEWS FROM REYKJAVIK 1000 Years of Parliament

The past and the present clasped hands in Iceland in the middle of January. Parliament met on the 17th and celebrated its millenary (1000 years), and two days earlier the Council of the League of Nations invited an Icelander to be a corresponding member of a League Committee.

Iceland's Parliament is thus an extremely old institution; its League expert happens to be a very young man, but in spite of his youth he is already Director of Fiscal Administration for his country, which means that everything to do with taxes is in his hands. Last summer he spent part of his hard-earned holiday studying at the I.L.O. the various systems of taxation tested in other countries, so that he might take back his knowledge and apply it in the service of his own. Now he is also to help the League in their efforts to remedy the international injustices of double taxation and evasion of taxes.

THE DAY THE EMPIRE WILL CRACK

Mr. Baldwin has been speaking to the students of Glasgow University on Character. Our character affects our country, he told them.

This is true whether you be Viceroy of India, or a railwayman, or a trader on the African coast.

Over vast tracts of the Empire the indigenous population can judge of Great Britain only by their knowledge of the character of the one or two white men who live among them, or even by the demeanour of the passing visitor. And if they see truth and loyalty, fair play and self-control exhibited in such individuals, that will be their conception of the nation; and the nation's work in governing, controlling, and advising is to that extent made more easy instead of more difficult.

The day we cease to be worthy of respect, that day the foundations of the Colonial Empire will crack.

A MOTHER AND HER LITTLE ONE

There is sadness in the Budapest Zoo, for the baby elephant is dead.

It was only a week old, and as it is not often that the larger mammals have offspring in captivity there was great pride and joy at its advent, and many were the plans made for its upbringing.

But it seems to be unwise to count your elephants even after they are born. This little one's mother took an unaccountable dislike to it the minute it was born, and in a fit of spiteful rage trampled it to death before the distressed attendants could prevent her.

THE TRAGEDY OF AN UNCHARTED ROCK

It is difficult to believe that in these days there still remain hidden rocks under the sea in routes where ships are travelling continually.

A French cruiser, the Edgar-Quinet, of 14,000 tons has, nevertheless, sunk recently off Oran. She had been fitted out as a training-ship for naval cadets, and was on a cruise in water where the sunken rock, though well known to the fishermen, had never been charted.

This is the second French battleship to be sunk by striking an uncharted rock.

FATAL PETS

Parrots have been spreading infection fatal to human beings.

Not all parrots transmit the malady because only a few have it. The danger arises from those birds newly-exported from lands in which the trouble is raging as an epidemic. Parrots which have long been in captivity need not be suspected, but there is no harm in keeping one's mouth at a respectful distance from the beak of the bird.

It is the excessive fondness of the owners of pets which leads to danger; they will put birds to their lips and they will let dogs and cats lick their faces. Both practices are dangerous to health.

TREASURE LOST AND FOUND Coal in a Well

An astonishing thing has happened in Staffordshire.

Someone looked down a well in a cottage garden at Great Bentley Common, Willenhall, and spied treasure there. It was not a miser's hoard of gold and silver, but coal.

It seems that a new coalfield has been discovered. Already 500 tons of black diamonds have been drawn up by the windlass which used to haul nothing better than water.

But the women who live in the cottages near by declare that water is a precious thing. They cannot live without it. And the nearest spring is three-quarters of a mile away. Who would want to carry every drop of water for bathing, cooking, floor scrubbing, dish washing, and laundry three-quarters of a mile in gale, frost, or heat wave?

The people of Great Bentley Common know the truth of the saying that one man's meat is another man's poison. The two well mines have brought employment to the miners who hammer merrily under the cottages day and night, and they may bring someone a fortune, but they have made life very hard for the 31 people who live in the cottages near by.

We can only hope that part of the profits of the coalfield will be spent on model cottages for the little community, and that in future they will be able to draw water, not from the bottom of the garden, but from a scullery tap.

The Aluminium Tram

Experimental tests with a tramcar made of aluminium have been carried on in Birmingham. The car is four tons lighter than the ordinary type of car.

The Energy of the Guides

The Girl Guides at Boksburg in South Africa have earned enough money to buy land for a hall of their own, and have £400 to begin the building with.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 8 1930

Miracle on Miracle

The King stood in the House of Lords the other day and talked to every part of the world on Peace.

The Prime Minister sat in the Cabinet Room the following day and spoke to America this message:

I AM very glad to get once more within speaking range of American friends, although I am indeed sitting in the Cabinet Room. Surely we are living in times of great miracles.

I feel that the opening of the Naval Conference was also a great miracle, for only a few years ago all the wise men in the world would have said that it was impossible.

The Conference has had a wonderful welcome by the Press, the Churches, and the mass of our people. Here and there has been a note out of tune. Never mind. There is always that note.

I have been told, for instance, that the statement is widely scattered that this country, while talking of disarmament, is showing no example, and I have been asked whether this is so or not. I think I can satisfy you.

In the case of British Army regular establishments there have been large reductions. Our personnel today shows a reduction of 50,000 compared with 1914.

In the case of the Navy we have not waited for this Conference. The position compared with 1914 presents a remarkable contrast. Here are the facts:

	1914	1930
Capital ships	69	20
Cruisers	108	54
Submarines	74	53

As regards the Air Great Britain built up a huge, powerful force, which, by the time of the Armistice, comprised no fewer than 3300 first-line machines with a personnel nearly 300,000 strong behind them. This was virtually scrapped, and today the first-line strength of the Royal Air Force is no more than 772 machines with a personnel of 31,000, and the air fleets of other Powers far outnumber us.

Could there be a more striking evidence of the will of peace in the British people?

How much farther we can travel along this road of reduction depends on the decision of those who are willing to tread the path of disarmament along with us. We cannot go much farther ahead alone. Mr. Stimson put the position most admirably: *Too little means of defence gives a nation a feeling of insecurity. Too much gives its neighbours a feeling of insecurity.* This is the truth.

The alternative to limitation is competitive building; the end of competitive building is war.

Let us look that fact full in the face. We can only banish war from our midst if we will do it together. The alternative to agreement is rivalry in monsters of destruction, piled-up taxation, and certain war.

I must now say Good-bye to you. We are enlisted in the cause of peace, and our only rivalry is to do it the greatest service. Now, Good-day. I must return to the House of Commons.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Chance for a War Book

WILL one of our novelists please write the story of one of the millions of men who went through the war without being curs, cowards, or drunkards, and came home clean?

By Order of the War Office

NOW that the War Office, as we saw in another column the other day, is to summon up its forces to meet Jack Frost it is interesting to remember the valiant effort it made last year in the great battle between Elastic and White Tape.

It may have been a sympathetic interest in the White Tape trade, or a prejudice against Elastic, or just a desire to find work for two where before there had been only work for one, but what certainly happened was this: that an order went out to the British Red Cross that nurses must have White Tape in the tops of their sleeves, and not Elastic as before.

Before this order a nurse could put on her oversleeves quite easily herself, but after the order no nurse in the Red Cross could put on her sleeves alone.

We are in favour of Disarmament, but we grieve to think what the men who send out these orders will do when there are no more orders like these to be sent out.

O for the Man

O for the man
Whose singing can
Make music for
Some tired throng;
Then at close of day
Just steal away
And hide himself
Within his Song.

Egbert Sandford

How to Treat Foreigners

WE must all have been interested in the International Conference in Paris on the treatment of foreigners.

Perhaps some day we shall get a conference under the auspices of the League of Nations which will deal frankly with the more important question of making the world free for all, so that honest citizens of the world can pass from one place to another without passport and without suspicion. Until this desirable consummation comes about mankind only partly possesses this beautiful world.

Even England, the ancient home of liberty, no longer admits foreigners to her shores save under the strictest rules and conditions. The old-time defenders of liberty would have been aghast had they known what changes would have been made by the World War, and that England would one day imprison foreigners for taking up work in England.

If we would thank God for all the joys He sends us we should have no time to complain.

Next, Please

CHILDREN under fourteen are not to go to the Bull Fight in future, according to a decree signed by the King of Spain.

Now for the grown-ups.

Overheard

While waiting for a Stockport bus.

WHAT is a gentleman? Everybody knows.

A fool has to be forced to do what is right.

A man has to be told to do what is right.

A gentleman knows what is right, and does it.

Tip-Cat

LONDON boys and girls have much that other children lack. They have, to begin with, a vast capital.

THE motor bandits find that they must leave Drink alone. Another argument against Prohibition.

TWENTY-SEVEN thousand books were published in Germany last year.

No excuse there for not turning over a new leaf.

WEATHER is always news. And generally bad news.

A DOG-LOVER declares that animals never let you down.

And if some of them get you down they won't let you up.

THE Thames is described by an American as a sleepy river. Yet it is always running.

THE world is said to lack leaders. Leaders complain that they lack followers.

SOMEBODY asks if we can hear colour. We suppose so if it is loud enough.

AN Italian complains that our English weather is trying. And he does not seem to think it will succeed.

WHATEVER work a girl does, her hands will always give her away. But not when she comes to be married.

We Shall Not Pass This Way Again

I expect to pass through this world but once; any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any fellow-creature, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

NOISY engines in motor-boats have been prohibited by law in Jersey.

A LOUGHBOROUGH Scout has been taken to the Riviera as a reward for his good deed.

NEARLY 70 ugly hoardings have been removed in Surrey in three years.

Big Ben

A child wrote to the C.N. the other day asking who and where Big Ben is.

LITTLE toy people far below,
Toy traffic hurrying to and fro,
Each tick of time on you I spend;
I am Big Ben, your faithful friend.

YOUR fathers said, who passed this way,
As shall your children's children say
(And as, indeed, all passing men):
Set clocks and watches by Big Ben.

AND on and on, the ages through,
And on till all the dreams come true,
Though man has made me, I shall last
While men's small lives fade to the past.

WHILE kings may come and go each hour
Shall boom from out my lofty tower,
And each new Parliament shall hear
The beating heart of Westminster.

As years are born and old years die,
I'll shout it to the star-pierced sky;
And on my face shall be enrolled
The time till Time itself grows old.
Marjorie Wilson

A Picture of the Millennium

By a Friend of the Little Artist

THE Little Family live at the top of a high hill. I call them this because, although they are not at all related to one another, they seem all as one—for love unites them.

They are always occupied in doing delightful things. They draw, they design, they build, they invent, and they "pretend."

There really is no end to what they do. The fairies are undoubtedly at work beside them.

The last time I took the motor-omnibus up the hill to visit them I found little Del, aged a very few years, deeply engaged in a drawing of the Millennium. It may seem rather a large subject for such a very small person, but she had started out on rather spacious lines.

On a very big sheet of paper she was sketching-in, from nursery models, a lion and a lamb walking side by side, cheek by jowl, white head and tawny head close together.

The lamb wears a decorative collar and has a round, mild eye. Only one eye is, of course, visible.

The lion may be said to prance beside it. An onlooker ventured on a criticism. "You are doing that lion very nicely," she said; "but there is one thing you have not noticed. Do you see the frown upon his forehead? Your lion has not one."

"No," said she; "I left it out on purpose, because he wouldn't wear a frown in the Millennium."

CANADA IS BUILDING A CATHEDRAL

A DREAM TAKING SHAPE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

A C.N. Reader Looks In at
One of the First Services

THE OLD SPIRIT AT WORK

Forty years ago in a Sunday School in Victoria, British Columbia, a little company of people sat eagerly discussing an idea.

The idea is now taking shape in a new cathedral, which has lately been opened for service. It will be a noble cathedral, all the more so because honesty is woven into its very fabric. The difficult resolve of building it without debt has been faithfully kept, and it is because of this that years must pass before the twin towers, 135 feet high and joined by an immense Gothic arch, are finished. The main tower at the eastern end of the nave will soar yet 50 feet higher.

Gift From Boys and Girls

Much of the wealth of the Dominion has been drawn upon for the adornment of the building, which is of pointed Gothic. Grey stone from Newcastle Island is used to clothe the reinforced concrete of the main structure. The floor of the baptistery, paved with marble from Texada Island, is a gift from the boys and girls of Vancouver Island. About 30 windows have already been filled with stained-glass designed by British artists, and the great rose window, with 61 openings, will be one of the marvels of Canada.

Quietly behind the busy scene the architect, Mr. J. C. M. Keith, has been directing the work with never-ceasing patience. His wish that he may live to see his dream come true is shared by everybody.

By a Vancouver Correspondent

A friend of the C.N. who has a school for small boys and girls in a sunny garden on the edge of the Pacific, has sent us these notes of a visit to the new cathedral.

The Bishop of Winchester opened our new cathedral not long ago. I did not try to get in for the service; I thought the crowds who had come long distances for the occasion should have a chance. But I sat under a maple tree in an old burying-ground close by, where lie the pioneers of a hundred years ago who fought the Indians and lived and died under the shadow of the Hudson Bay Fort.

In this peaceful spot I heard every word of the bishop's sermon as well as the service. It seemed the strangest mingling of the old and new, the old custom of building a temple in which to worship something higher than ourselves, and the new latest marvel of modern science whereby by means of a broadcasting set in the building and amplifiers on the roof the dense crowds that packed the streets could hear as though they were inside.

Two Timeless Things

I thought it was an uncanny age to live in as I heard that voice as plainly as my own, with a hundred yards of ground and a thick stone wall between us. And while I was listening there flew overhead a seaplane that twice a day shortens a five-hours channel crossing to forty minutes.

Today being Sunday I went to matins in the new cathedral. It is really beautiful, but so new that it made my heart ache, and I wondered if ever I could be happy in turning here for odd minutes as one would in the cathedrals of home? Then I caught sight of two things not only not new but timeless, and I felt rebuked.

There was the Cross on the altar and an old battered White Ensign stained

THE MOTORIST WHO RUNS AWAY

If this should catch the eye of a certain motorist will he please do his duty?

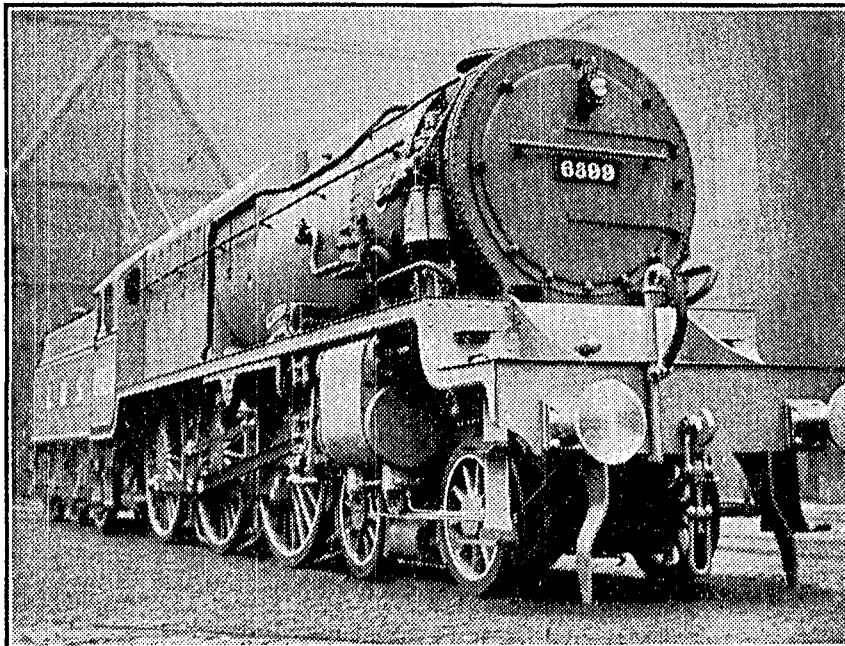
He was rather a stupid motorist, for he pushed his hand through the windscreen in trying to open it, and severely cut himself. He was helpless, and blood was flowing fast when a Girl Guide stopped in her car, checked the flow of blood, sent a telephone message to the doctor, and drove the patient to him. The doctor and the Guide bound up the wound and put the motorist on his way. "Do not put your hand through the windscreen the next time you want fresh air," said the wise little Guide when he asked what he could do

for her; the doctor took his name and address and sent in his small account.

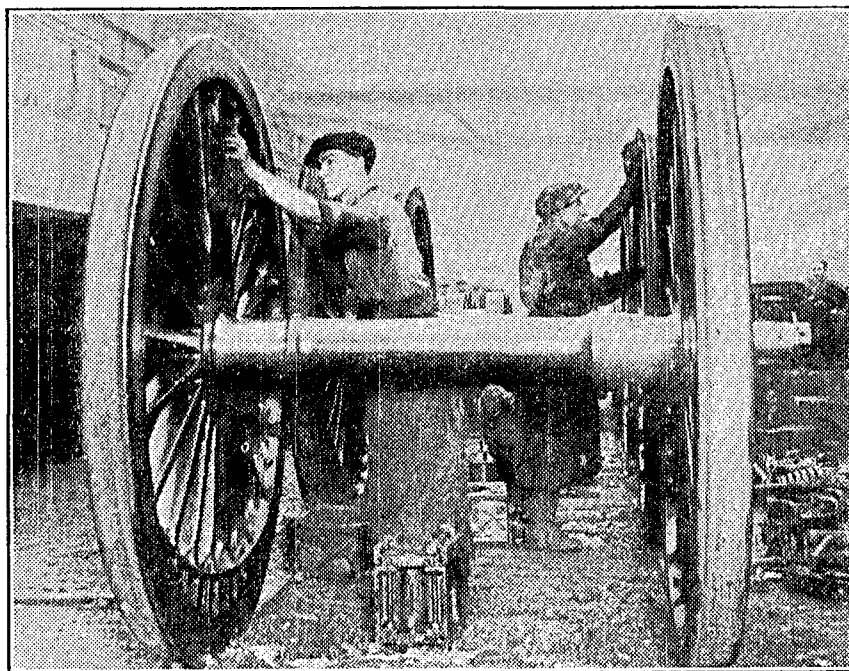
But not one penny or one word has come from the motorist in the six months that have passed.

First-Aid stations are set up by the wayside, ambulances are kept in readiness, nurses wait on the road for hours, doctors attend to cases without a thought of who is to pay, and this is what happens again and again. We wonder who is worse, the motorist who kills a child and does not stop, or the motorist who accepts all these services and does not pay? In either case we can think of nothing worse.

THE STEAM GIANT IN THE PETROL AGE



A new L.M.S. engine with three boilers



The driving wheels of a giant locomotive in the L.M.S. workshops

The British railways are answering the challenge of the motor-car by building some of the finest engines in the world. Here we see the latest results of the activity in the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway workshops. The first picture shows a locomotive of revolutionary design, with three boilers generating steam which is used at a pressure of 900 pounds to the square inch.

Continued from the previous column

with service that hung from a pillar. After all, only the fabric is new. The spirit that has urged men to do this thing is as old as humanity, and surely that spirit will permeate the building.

And not all the fabric is new. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey sent us some old iron railings which make a beautiful chancel screen, and somewhere in the foundations are twelve stones sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury from the foundations of the original Canterbury Cathedral. Then we took over the seats and the organ

pipes and everything that could be used from the old cathedral. For Victoria is only a little place of 40,000 people, and the diocese, though scattered, is not numerically large; there is no endowment of any kind. So this new edifice has meant sacrifice and work to many, and not in our lifetime shall we see it finished.

I wonder if all this will interest you. To me it is significant that people should want to do this in this age of change and unrest, and in the Far West, too, where associations might become weaker and habit, quite reasonably, less strong.

MORE POWER TO THE LEAGUE MAKING IT STRONGER AND STRONGER

The Kellogg Pact and the
Geneva Covenant

THE BUILDING-UP OF INTERNATIONAL LAW

By Our League Correspondent

A number of interesting people, including Lord Cecil, have just been appointed by the League Council to sit on two new committees formed for the purpose of strengthening the League of the 54 Nations according to the decision taken at the last Assembly. The first concerns the Covenant, the second has to deal with Conventions.

At present the States of the League are bound by two sets of obligations concerning war. One is the Covenant which allows war in certain circumstances; the other is the Peace Pact, which abolishes the rights of private war which the Covenant allows. The Pact neither replaces nor lessens Covenant obligations; it supplements them and carries them a stage farther, and as it is undesirable that members of the League should be under two different sets of obligations they are to be brought into harmony with each other by taking out of the Covenant those rights of private war which are now obsolete and out of date.

Sign and Ratify

The idea that these changes are to be made because the Peace Pact has rendered the League of Nations less necessary or less important is absurd. The exact opposite is true. It is just because the Covenant is the fundamental constitution on which the International Society of States rests today that it must be up-to-date and complete.

But obstacles stronger than words must be placed in the way of the scourge of war, and the Committee will have to study what methods may be possible, not only to condemn war but to ensure that it shall never occur again.

The second Committee has an eminently practical task before it. The Conventions drawn up from time to time by the League are not sufficiently honoured by Governments. Delegates go to Geneva and sign the Conventions, but their Governments sometime fail to ratify them. Yet these agreements are an important means of developing and building-up the system of international law on which we hope to rely for future peace and progress; they also open the way for increased international cooperation which the League was founded to promote.

On both these grounds, therefore, the matter is urgent. What are the causes of delay in ratifications? This is the question the new Committee is to study, and it will report to the next Assembly. "Sign and Ratify" must be the slogan of Governments if we are to make progress in international cooperation and to establish a system of international law.

POOR MEN'S GARDENS

It is sorry news that the allotments continue to go down. They are losing ground at the rate of 20,000 a year.

Since 1920 the allotments, which still numbered 1,600,000 though many went out of cultivation at the end of the year, have fallen to the million mark, and are still falling.

Near the towns the allotments have been pushed out by houses. But in the villages their waning numbers are due to the waning interest in them of the rising generation.

Sadder, perhaps, is the decline in the mining areas where people are too poor to buy seeds.

CANADA AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Saloons Gone For Ever

PUBLIC DRINKING ALMOST ENDED

Now that Nova Scotia has decided to put its Drink Traffic under Government control rather than under Prohibition, which has been found difficult to maintain owing to smugglers, it is interesting to remember that the drink trade throughout all Canada, except for Prince Edward Island, is under the control of the Provincial Government. On Prince Edward Island Prohibition is in force.

There are three forms of public control of drink now operating in Canada. In Québec drink may be sold in three ways: in taverns for drinking on the premises, in hotels and restaurants with meals, or from Government stores in limited quantities for taking home.

In Ontario there is no public drinking anywhere; drink may be bought only under a licence, and the profits go to the Government, paying for new roads and electrical works in country districts.

Practically all over Canada there is no public drinking of spirits. The saloon has gone for ever, and any public drinking is of light beers and wines only.

It has lately been said that Prohibition has broken down in Canada, but the system that does prevail is one that every social reformer would hail as a victory in this country, and against which all the forces of the liquor traffic would be directed.

SANCTUARY

The Side-Street Playground

An idea for making sanctuaries of some of the streets where poor town children play is so good that we wonder why it has not been thought of before. It has been tried with success in the North of England.

Till that happy day dawns when there are no more slums children will play in the streets in preference to trudging a long way to find an open space. The public garden has not much attraction for most of them.

Little girls sent out to mind the baby are the exception. The others find the public garden, with its guardians, official and unofficial, too constraining.

But the street, the side street where a lamp-post serves for a wicket and a frayed bit of rope tied to railings will do for a swing, where tip-cat can be played in the road and hop-skip-and-jump on the pavement—that is the playground most favoured by the street boy and his sister.

The only condition for complete enjoyment is—Safety First! No motor-car should invade the side street. It should be closed, a children's sanctuary.

MISS BROWN OF WEST GREEN

We know a great deal and very little about Miss Queenie Brown of Derby Road, West Green.

We have never seen her birth certificate, or her income-tax return, or her family tree, so we cannot tell whether she is young or old, rich or poor, high-born like Caesar or lowly-born like Joseph of Nazareth.

But what do those things matter? The thing we do know about her is the thing that matters: we know that she has the most widely honoured of all human virtues, courage.

They have just given her a gold medal for it, and if she is as modest as most brave people she has hidden the medal away.

A stable was blazing and her pony was trapped inside. At the risk of her life she went in, calmed the frantic animal, and brought him out.

All we know about her goes into a very few lines: yet they tell us a great deal. It is the thing we would like to be true of ourselves.

WHAT MEN EARN IN THIS COUNTRY

The Ministry of Labour is compiling a record of the amounts actually earned in a week by British wage-earners.

The method used is to send forms to representative employers asking them to set down the number of people they employ and the wages paid. A similar inquiry was made for a week in October, 1924, and as the same employers were asked to give figures for a week in October, 1928, we are able to review not only earnings but the way earnings have changed.

As many as forty thousand returns were received, relating to no less than four million workpeople.

In the great textile industries it was found that the earnings in 1924 averaged 37s. 7d. a week; in 1928 the figure was a penny more. In the woollen and worsted industries the figures are 40s. 8d. a week for 1924 and 39s. 6d. for 1928. In the jute trade the figures are much less, being only 27s. 7d. a week for 1924 and 24s. 11d. for 1928.

The Highest Earnings

Boot and shoe makers earned 44s. 5d. a week in 1924 and 42s. 4d. a week in 1928. It is shown that fur workers earned higher figures, 52s. 8d. in 1924 and 53s. 6d. in 1928. On the other hand skirt-makers, milliners, dress-makers, and laundry workers earned less; the laundry workers earning only 29s. 8d. a week in 1924 and 29s. 6d. in 1928.

When we turn to the pottery, brick, glass, chemical, and soap trades we get higher figures, the lowest being in pottery, 40s. 4d. a week in 1924 and 39s. 9d. for 1928, and the highest in the cement trade, in which the earnings were 61s. 2d. in 1924 and 61s. 5d. in 1928.

In the food trades the earnings varied from about 36s. a week to over £3. Turning from food to paper and printing we find the highest earnings to be in newspaper work, where the earnings were 89s. 3d. in 1924 and 90s. 8d. in 1928. This is a notable figure, the highest earnings in the whole list. Paper makers earned 48s. 9d. in 1924 and 51s. 10d. in 1928.

Surprisingly Low Figures

In the metal and engineering industries the earnings are surprisingly low when we consider the arduous and skilled character of the work. Thus we find pig-iron workers earning 62s. 4d. in 1924 and only 59s. 1d. in 1928. Engineers make surprisingly small sums, marine engineers earning 52s. 1d. in 1924 and 53s. in 1928. It is surprising to find, too, that workers in the larger firms making motor-cars earned only 58s. 2d. in 1924 and 62s. 1d. in 1928. The shipbuilding figure is even less.

One of the best-paid trades is piano, organ, and musical instrument making, in which the earnings were 64s. 10d.

We find that the earnings of those who work in public utility services (gas, electricity, trams, water supply, canal and harbour services) are higher than in industry generally. Municipal gas workers earned 61s. 1d. a week in 1924 and 62s. 6d. in 1928. In Government workshops the earnings were 61s. 8d. in 1924 and 63s. in 1928.

The industries in which many women are employed have lower earnings than the trades in which men are mainly employed.

THE LABOURER AND HIS CLOTH

If the agricultural labourer who bought two or three loin cloths a year were able to buy even one more it would mean that India would require nearly 280,000,000 yards of piece goods a year, and that would keep thousands of factories in India as going concerns without diminishing the supply of raw materials required by the manufacturers of England, who would still find India their biggest market. Sir Albion Banerji

AUSTRALIA THINKS AGAIN

Carrying Out the Peace Pact

ABOLITION OF MILITARY TRAINING

Australia has found a fine way of celebrating her signature of the Peace Pact by which she renounced war as an instrument of national policy.

It is well known that during the Great War her Parliament refused to pass a Conscription Bill, as we did, compelling her sons to fight in the war. It is not so well known that all the time she has had compulsory military training.

Eighteen years ago a law was passed requiring that every boy between 12 and 14 should be enrolled in a cadet corps while still at school. From 14 to 18 he was called a senior cadet and had to do sixteen days of military drill every year. From 18 to 26 he had to belong to what is known as the Citizen Force and attend an annual military camp.

After the Washington Conference eight years ago service in the Citizen Force was reduced to three years (18 to 21) and senior training did not begin till 17.

But now the new Government has issued an order suspending compulsory training altogether, and a Bill is to be introduced into Parliament making this suspension permanent. As law is now to be substituted for war throughout the world it is considered in Australia that it is no longer necessary to compel young men to learn the art of killing their neighbours; and the C.N. quite agrees.

WHY WARS CAME IN THE PAST

And Why They Need Not Come Again

Professor Gilbert Murray has been talking of war at a Jewish synagogue in London where a special service was held for the Tenth Birthday of the League of Nations. We are moved to pass on what he said.

Those of us who went through the period of the Great War have all kinds of private feelings of horror against it. One feels that future generations must not be asked to go through that experience again, but from the political point of view it is a much simpler issue.

It is that war has become intolerable to civilisation.

The whole fabric of civilisation has become too delicate to endure that kind of shock. The instruments of destruction have become too terrific for society to tolerate their being let loose again.

I think the real reason why nations tried to settle their disputes by force was that there was no other means of settling them. There was law and order inside each country, but between the countries there was a gap of anarchy with no means of settling disputes. The League of Nations has done away with that international anarchy.

TWO MINDS BEATING AS ONE

An odd little coincidence has been brought to our notice.

In pleading for the beauty of the countryside Mr. Guy Dawber, the famous architect, the other day said this:

No man would be allowed to enter the National Gallery with an axe and deliberately destroy pictures of outstanding beauty; yet that is what we are allowing to happen in scores of instances up and down the country.

At almost the very time Mr. Dawber was speaking the Editor of the C.N. was writing this for My Magazine:

We do not allow a man to destroy a picture in the National Gallery, a thing of beauty painted for us . . . yet we destroy the original of it every day.

THE PEOPLE'S £5000 CAR

The Strap-Hanger On the Tram

A RUSH-HOUR DEVICE

Strange things are springing up, giving us a hint of what the future will be like.

Yesterday it was a queer new railway engine. Not many days after tomorrow Londoners will see a new tram. It will cost £5000 and it may cause a revolution in the appearance of London's tramcars.

In designing this the tram experts of the L.C.C. are putting their heads together, and one of the chief problems they are trying to solve is how to move the rush-hour traffic in the most speedy possible way.

In order that more standing passengers may be carried vestibule ends to the car have been planned, so that during rush hours about twenty more people can be carried. But police sanction has yet to be obtained for this strap-hanger's abode of delight.

Trams Like Tube Coaches

A central entrance with doors that close automatically and a central staircase leading to the top deck are other ideas which may take shape. Some people favour a single staircase from the rear of the car so that passengers, by getting on and off behind instead of at the side, would be protected from passing traffic by the body of the car.

Better ventilation and lighting and more comfort to passengers are other problems which will be solved. The Metropolitan Electric Tramways Company are also planning vestibule trams to resemble Tube coaches. "There is life in the old tram yet" is apparently London's answer to people who declare that trams are obsolete.

HELPING INDIA TO HELP ITSELF

The Work of Edith Brown

During this year the British people will be thinking more about India than they have thought before, for the way in which the country can best be governed will be reconsidered.

India has difficulties we know little about. One of the greatest is the unfortunate position of its women. When they are ill only women doctors can attend them properly, and they have very few women doctors. Therefore they suffer greatly.

Something is being done to alter that state of things, but it is only a little, where the need is very great. Now the Mission Societies are nearly all sending out women missionary doctors, but they are quite insufficient in numbers. One of the most hopeful movements of modern times is the training of Indian women in medical knowledge.

One instance of this work is the Women's Christian Medical College at Ludhiana in the Punjab, in Northern India. Dr. Edith Brown went out there 38 years ago, and three years later she helped to form the college.

They started in a hired house with four medical students and two dispensers. Now there are at the college over 40 members on the staff, 22 being Europeans. The numbers being trained are 107 Indian women as doctors, 16 as dispensers, 49 as nurses, and 64 as midwives. Over 800 Indian women have passed through the college in its various departments, and of these 190 are doctors. The buildings are valued at £46,000 and they cover 15 acres of land. The Government bears two-fifths of the expense which is involved.

This valuable work has as its London secretary Miss Craske, at 83, Albert Bridge Road, Battersea, S.W. The C.N. gives these facts because they reveal a kind of service that ought to be universally known.

February 8, 1930

The Children's Newspaper

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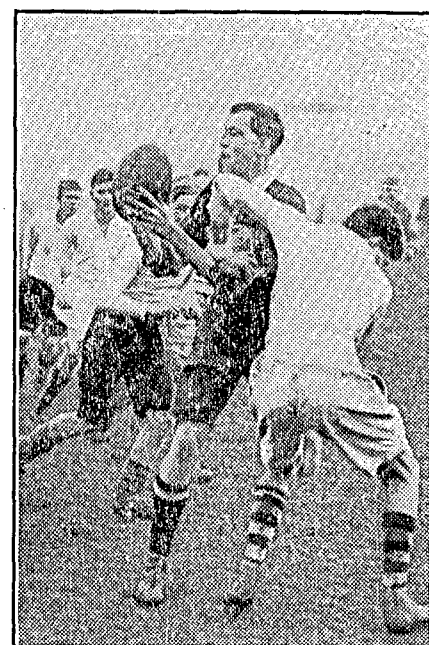
THE HOURS OF PLAY THAT HELP THE WORLD WITH ITS DAYS OF WORK



Lacrosse—Leaping for the ball



Running—The joy of a cross-country run



Rugby—An exciting moment near the line



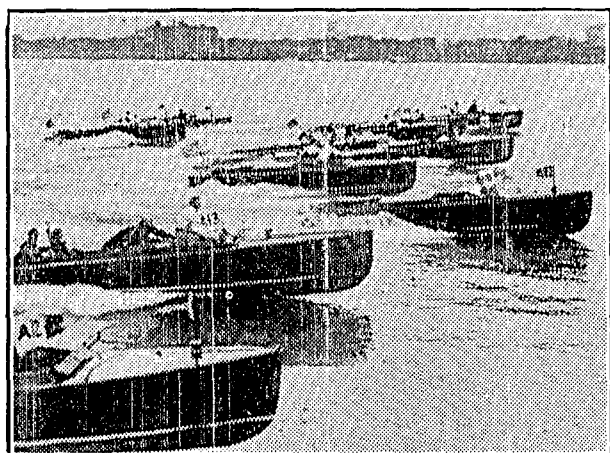
Association Football—Breaking through to goal



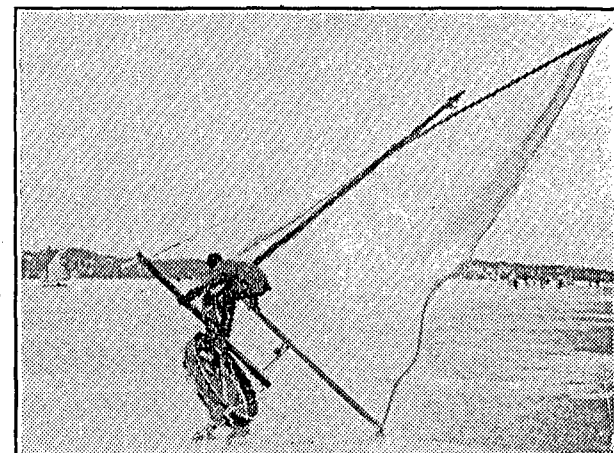
Netball—A high jump for possession



Hurdling—Over the last hurdle in fine style



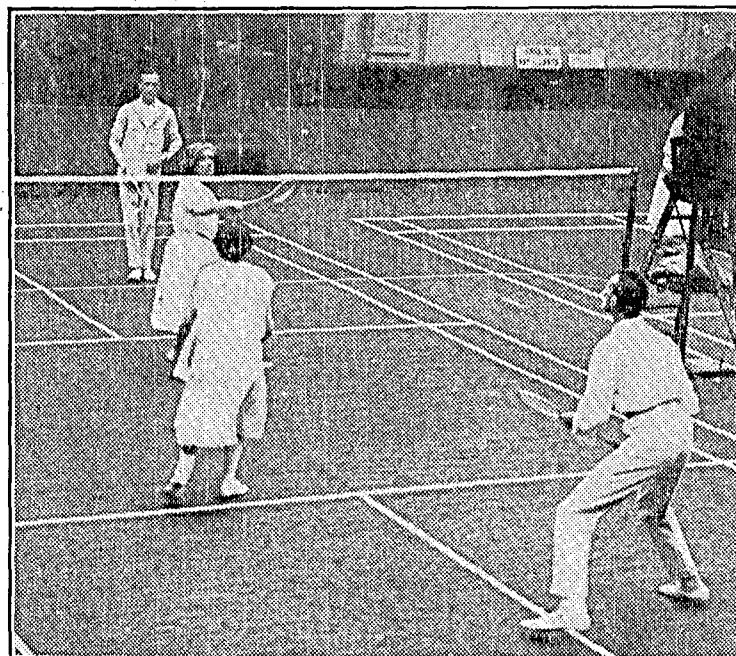
Motor-boating—The start of a race in America



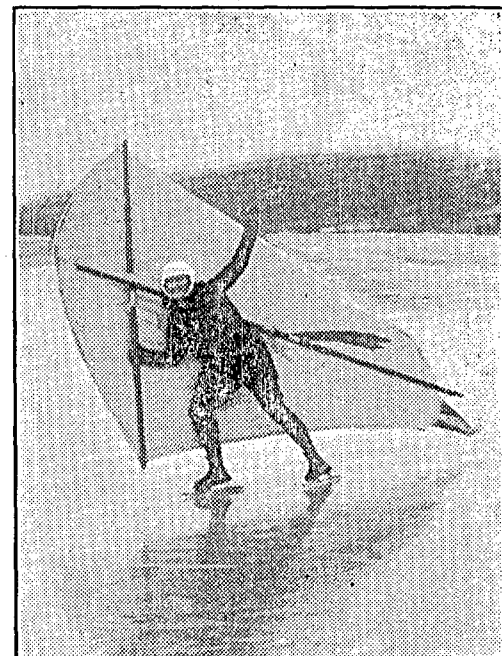
Ice Yachting—An expert at practice in Sweden



Hockey—A run down the wing



Badminton—A tournament in progress



Skating—A little help from the wind

For long the British people were almost alone in realising that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy and Jill a dull girl, but now the other nations recognise the benefit of sport as an aid to health and a relief from the cares of everyday life. Here we show a few of the recreations that are in season at home and abroad.

LAMBETH BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN

AND A GRAND NEW BRIDGE IS RISING

A Walk From Westminster
to the Tate

A NEW LOVELINESS FOR THE THAMES

While people are still arguing about Charing Cross, Lambeth Bridge has gone and a grand new bridge is rising in its place. This work at Lambeth has made less fuss, but it is more important than we can at present realise.

When it is finished there will be a magnificent new embankment from Westminster to the Tate Gallery, where people can go and admire a stretch of the river that has been almost forgotten and is truly superb. For this grand new thing we have paid the price of losing some good old things, of course.

We have lost those old Grosvenor Road wharves whose timbers made such exquisite lines against the water at flood tide. And we shall probably never see again those stone flags, on either side of the river, where the old horseferry boats were moored when they were idle.

Wonderful Engineering Feat

We have also lost the peace and quiet of old Lambeth Bridge which, closed to traffic, made a haven for children and loiterers. One could dart across the bridge to see the nose of a barge coming out on the other side without darting under the wheels of a car.

But in the meantime Lambeth Bridge is broken down. The refrain comes in and out like an old song. People who wander by and muse on the changes may spare a word of praise for those brilliant men, the engineers, who have taken down the old bridge and raised a temporary new bridge without for one day interfering with traffic on the river or foot traffic across it.

The new bridge, of steel, with iron balustrades, will be a fine, plain structure, standing a little higher than the old bridge. It will be of five spans, and will stand on granite piers. The width of the roadway will be about 60 feet. There will be obelisks at each end to mark the approach to the bridge, designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield and Mr. Topham Forrest, chief architect to the London County Council. The bridge itself was designed by Sir George Humphreys, chief engineer to the L.C.C.

A Severe Test

We are glad to hear that the new bridge will be a plain and dignified structure, for it will have to stand the severe test of the nearness of some superb new buildings—chief among them the Imperial Chemical Industries buildings, and the great building, designed by Sir Frank Baines, which is to take the corner of Horseferry Road and Grosvenor Road.

On the Lambeth side the obelisks will point the way to a small garden opposite Lambeth Palace. When bridge and embankment are complete we shall feel that, whatever chances may have been lost, our generation has seized and used this noble chance of making a glorious thing of the new Lambeth Bridge and its approaches.

THE NOVELTIES

We remember that a novelty in the shops last year was a screen to hide the telephone. Now we see a novelty to magnify the numbers on the automatic telephone.

But why make the telephone so ugly that we must hide it, and why make the numbers so small that we must magnify them? We very much hope our automatic telephones are not to be first cousins to our unreadable speedometers.

DISCOURTESY ON THE RATES

Improper Demand Forms THREATENING THE WILLING RATEPAYER

A London ratepayer sends us a note on a matter which appears to be well worthy of a little attention.

In some places inducements are offered to property owners to pay their rates promptly, a discount being allowed for promptness. In London many authorities seem willing to offend the very people whose interest they should be anxious to engage.

When demands are sent out for rates the owner is given the option of paying half-yearly or quarterly. If the quarterly system is adopted, the ratepayer receives the following notice when the new quarter draws near:

You are respectfully reminded that your General Rate remains unpaid. The Borough Council request that payment of the same be made within ten days from the date hereof to avoid the necessity of proceedings being taken to enforce payment.

That suggests two things: that the person to whom the notice is addressed is a defaulter, and that he is to be summoned unless he makes a payment he has no intention of avoiding.

An Unnecessary Threat

A C.N. reader who has had one of these improper demands said to his rate collector: "Seeing that I always pay my rates by return post, do you not think that the form of language used in the notice is an insult?"

The collector replied: "It is known that you pay immediately upon demand; you and Mr. Blank are the only two to do so. If all followed your practice the result would be important to the borough's finances, but the notice sent out is the only one we have."

Year after year this same form of words is used and people are antagonised and made unwilling to pay early. If all did pay at once, every quarter, the council would soon be able to save the expense of temporary loans, upon which interest has to be paid.

But instead of winning cooperation on the part of the people from whom they derive their rates the authorities threaten the willing ratepayer with legal proceedings. It is not the right way of doing business and defeats its own ends, as discourtesy always should.

SEEING STILL SMALLER THINGS

New Idea With the Microscope

Day by day, while engineers are building bigger things, scientists are looking more into the secrets of tinier ones.

Many improvements have been made in the microscope, the instrument with which objects can now be magnified a hundred million times. But as the power of magnification grows the difficulty of getting objects into focus increases.

Up to now focussing has been done by turning a fine screw. A new advance, simple but of great importance, was shown at an optical exhibition in London the other day.

A little glass tank of mercury was fixed to the stage of the microscope on which the specimen is laid. Although the stage is rigid, made of thick brass, by pouring a few drops of mercury into the glass tank it can be weighed down out of its position by perhaps a millionth of an inch.

The tiniest object ever seen in a microscope can be beautifully focussed by changing the weight of the mercury in the glass cell and so bending the object a little farther away.

A PAIR OF BOOTS FOR PADDY'S BOY

HOW HE GOT THEM

A Little Tale Just Told of the
Great War

BROTHERS ALL

Here is a charming story from the war time, which has just reached us, showing human nature in a happy light. The writer was in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

It was five days before Christmas in 1917 (he writes), and I was stationed in the North of Scotland at one of the coast defence forts. We had just received our Christmas mail, and all hands were busy opening letters and parcels. I had sought a quiet corner when one of the marines—Paddy was his nickname—approached, fumbling a letter.

"Say, mate," said he, "would you mind reading this to me? It is from my nipper, seven years old, and I can't read very well. I never had much education. My missis is in hospital and I feel a bit anxious to know how she is going on."

News From Home

So I read the boy's letter to him. It was not a very long one, but quite a good effort, considering the lad's age. It said his mother was going on nicely, but would not be home for Christmas, and that the neighbours were seeing after him. His father was not to worry as he was all right, except that he wanted some new boots.

Paddy was very grateful to me for reading it to him, and explained that his mate, who generally read his letters, was away on Christmas leave. Would I, he asked, be so kind as to write a letter for him in answer to his boy?

So he dictated what he wanted to say and I wrote it. Then I asked him "What about the boots?" He explained that he had sent all available money home to his wife when she was taken ill, and the poor lad would have to wait. The look in his eyes as he said this haunted me, so I spoke to an ex-policeman about it and he suggested that we should have a "draw." I had two boxes of 50 cigars, and so we had a twopenny draw and managed to raise sixteen and eightpence.

The difficulty, however, was to get a postal order to send the money in time for Christmas: we could not get one at the fort. Nor could we get it away for at least two days, and that would be too late for reaching London before Christmas Day.

What the C.O. Did

Then I thought of asking one of the officers to write a cheque for the amount. As luck would have it, a young Lieutenant R.N.V.R., sent up for a rest, came next morning for inspection, and I requested permission to speak to him. I told him the story and showed him the little boy's letter.

"Give me the money," he said, "and I will see what I can do." He went to the officers' mess and showed it all to the C.O. Paddy and I were sent for, as I thought, for a drubbing down; but, instead, the C.O. spoke sympathetically to Paddy, and gave him the letter with two £1 notes to enclose. Also he gave me a box of cigars to make good those we had raffled.

We had a letter in the New Year from one of the nurses in the hospital, saying she had seen that the boy had his boots, and also a good Christmas. Paddy took the letter to the C.O. and he gave him a special pass to leave for seven days to visit his wife and boy.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Amoeba	- - -	Ah-me-bah
Ludhiana	- - -	Loo-de-ah-na
Xenophon	- - -	Zen-o-fun
Zamora	- - -	Thah-mo-rah

WHERE THE PEOPLE COME AND GO

MOVING ABOUT THE WORLD

A Look at Changing Populations
For Seven Years

THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION

Always there are cargoes of emigrants journeying from country to country. Sometimes they change their country in crowds, and sometimes the stream slackens. How is it running now? From where, and to what destinations, are the people going?

It is always interesting to know the strength and direction of these tides of changing people, and we can know, for the International Labour Office has published a report covering seven years to the end of 1927.

Worth Thinking Over

According to the figures of the last recorded period (1925-1927) the rate of migration from every 100,000 people in the ten countries most actively exporting their people was as follows: Irish Free State 914, Great Britain 219, Portugal 199, Poland 146, Sweden 133, Italy 121, Yugo-Slavia 93, Rumania 76, Czecho-Slovakia 60, Hungary 53.

That is a list worth thinking over. Why did Great Britain send from her shores nearly twice as large a proportion of emigrants as Italy sent out? Why did the Irish Free State send out four times the proportion sent from the rest of the British Isles? Why are not Germany or France in this list of the ten countries?

The Irish Free State is still shrinking in population because it cannot support its people as well as other parts of the world can support theirs. Great Britain has had a period of scanty employment and so her sons seek employment abroad. France and Germany are busy enough at home to keep their people largely at home. The migration figures are partly a barometer of national employment.

Chief Receiving Regions

They do not, however, always tell all the story. Something depends on readiness to go abroad. The Irish, for instance, have been accustomed to it, and the British have not been afraid of it, whereas the French would be more indisposed to go than some others.

Where are emigrants going now? The five chief receiving regions were in this order: U.S.A. 184,739, Argentina 139,894, Canada 128,935, Oceania (Australia and New Zealand) 60,264, Brazil 60,020.

The emigrants to Argentina were largely from Italy, Poland, Spain, and Yugo-Slavia. Brazil attracted Portuguese and Austrians. Germany sent her emigrants (60,000) chiefly to U.S.A., and Canada received its newcomers largely from Great Britain, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and other central European States. One-third of the total British emigrants went to Australia and New Zealand, but the demand has slackened. Over 40 per cent of British emigrants went to Canada.

Asiatics Staying at Home

One of the striking features of the world's tides of emigration is the ceasing in a large degree of the flow of population from the East. No less than 93 per cent of the migration on the whole Earth is European. Less than 4 per cent is Asiatic. For the time being the flooding of Western lands, or possessions, by Eastern races has paused. There is travel for study and seafaring occupation, but Oriental settlement in other lands has quieted down. Is it that the East is busy at home?

Another curious fact is that while there is much talk now of the need for emigration to ease unemployment in the homeland there is only about half as much emigration from the British Isles as there was before the war.

A GIANT STAR ALDEBARAN AND ITS COMPANION

What We Should See if It
Were as Near as Our Sun
WHIRLING GLOBE OF FIRE-MIST

By the C.N. Astronomer

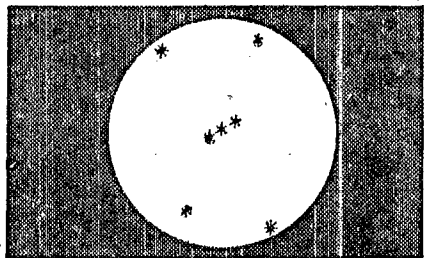
Observers of Jupiter cannot fail to have noticed the bright reddish star Aldebaran, the Bull's Eye, now high up and due south about 7 p.m.

This star is unmistakable, and will be found about ten times the Moon's apparent width below Jupiter.

Aldebaran is of particular interest because it is one of the giant suns and because it has been found to have an immense flaming world, or companion, as astronomers say.

It resembles rather a small sun which accompanies Aldebaran in its journey through space and may ultimately be found to revolve round him. It is known to be travelling at the same rate as Aldebaran, in the same direction, and to possess the same parallax; indicating that they are physically connected and not seen merely in the line of sight.

This companion is, however, very small for a sun particularly as compared



If Aldebaran were as near as our Sun it would cover an area of the sky as big as Orion

with Aldebaran, which radiates 90,000 times as much light. It can only be seen in powerful telescopes.

Aldebaran, on the other hand, is of immense dimensions, radiating about 90 times the light of our Sun, with a diameter of 33 million miles, that is, it would stretch more than a third of the way from the Earth to the Sun. This measurement, taken by the interferometer at Mount Wilson Observatory, shows that Aldebaran is somewhat larger than Arcturus, which is about 23,400,000 miles in diameter.

Were Aldebaran as near to us as our Sun, and but 93 million miles away, it would appear as a vast fiery sphere of a reddish tint—as our Sun often appears when near sunset, and we should live always in a rosy daylight instead of the yellowish-white light of our Sun.

And how terrific would be the amount of light from Aldebaran's great sphere, which would be 38 times as wide as that of our Sun, and occupy an area of the sky that would completely cover the constellation of Orion, as shown in the picture. This constellation will be recognised to the south-east of Aldebaran.

Gradually Shrinking

But this sun is not so hot as ours, having the much lower surface temperature of 3800 degrees Centigrade, as compared with our Sun's 6000 degrees. Moreover, it is estimated to contain only nine times the amount of material of our Sun, notwithstanding its vast bulk.

From this we see that Aldebaran must consist largely of a vast whirling sphere of glowing fire-mist or gas, far more rarefied than the air we breathe. It is, however, becoming hotter through the ages, and as it does so Aldebaran will gradually get smaller until some millions of millions of years hence it will be a sun not much larger than ours.

Aldebaran's companion has already reached a more advanced stage and is much smaller than our Sun, which radiates a thousand times more light. Both are travelling, at the rate of some 34 miles a second, in a direction away from us and southward, so that every second they get 10½ miles farther away. At present they are 3,619,500 times as far off as our Sun.

G. F. M.

INSURING A FOREST

Damage From Frost
and Fire

BANKERS AND TREES

Visitors to the Riviera have been struck by the evidence still remaining of the damage caused by last year's frosts and fires. The effects of these extremes of temperature are found to be strangely similar.

The traveller sees a giant eucalyptus tree, perhaps two hundred feet high, with its trunk as brown as if it had been painted and many of its boughs seared and scorched as though by fierce flames. It is the effect of last winter's frost.

Damage done by fires during last year's long drought in many parts of Europe seems almost past remedy. Private owners cannot afford the cost of felling and uprooting damaged trees plus the additional burden of preparing the land and planting young trees to take the place of those destroyed.

Yet associations exist for the insurance of forests against fire. Apparently the scheme originated in Scandinavia.

A Fortune for Sweden

There, particularly in Sweden, a great part of the national wealth consists of its trees. Every landowner has on his estates timber which should bring him means of livelihood when sold for telegraph poles, masts, and wood for furniture and building.

The coming of wireless masts must have meant a fortune to Sweden.

Often the most promising asset in the eyes of a banker is the timber growing on an estate; but such a security is valueless if fire is permitted to destroy the trees, so the bankers, before lending money on the security of a forest, insist that the trees shall be insured, as if they were houses, or ships, or pictures.

There are good risks and bad risks, safe investments and precarious ones, for the insurance companies. In the harsh climate of Northern lands the likelihood of forest fires seems remote, although it is there that insurance is most general. Throughout Germany, with her enormous wealth in timber, risks and rates are a little higher. On the Riviera and in Southern Europe generally so great is the fear of fire among the woods in view of the experience of recent years that the premium there is twenty times as much as in Sweden.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

How Long Did the Retreat of the 10,000 Under Xenophon Take?

This famous march of 3465 miles occupied fifteen months.

What Are Marine Stores?

This is a general term for ironwork, cordage, sails, provisions, and other materials required by a ship.

What Are Pith Balls?

Balls made of pith, that is of the soft cellular tissue forming the central core of trees that grow by layers. They are used in electroscopes.

Why Are Sounds Clearer Just Before Rain?

Because the air is then generally laden with aqueous vapour and is consequently denser. The denser the medium sound travels through, the better it is transmitted.

Where is Osaka?

In Central Japan, the commercial centre of the Japanese Empire and the headquarters of the rice and tea trades. Its population is over a million and a quarter.

What is the Origin of the Expression to Canvass for Votes?

The original meaning is to examine searchingly and is derived from the idea of sifting through a canvas.

What Are Palm Kernels?

The hard seeds of the oil-palm imported for crushing so that the oil may be extracted. They come from Lagos, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast.

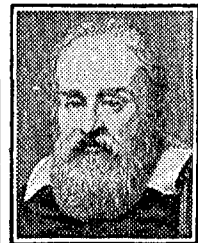
A LIFE OF THE WEEK

The Poor Boy of Florence

On February 15, 1564, Galileo was born.

Galileo Galilei, who was born on February 15, 1564, two months before Shakespeare, was the greatest man of science of his period, one of the world's master minds.

He is thought of chiefly as the man who brought the telescope into use to impress on the world the truth of the Sun's central position in the planetary system. But astronomy was only a fragment of his scientific interest. It was in physics, and specially in his study of the science of motion, that he did his greatest work.



Galileo

He was the last of the great Italians who bridge the gap between the medieval and the modern worlds, from Dante, through Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, to the clear dawn of knowledge.

He was only seventeen when, while watching the swinging of a lamp in Pisa Cathedral, he noticed that however far it swung all its swings were made in the same time. This led him to apply the pendulum to clocks. The universal belief then was that heavy weights fall swifter than light weights, for Aristotle had said so. However, Galileo showed, by dropping different weights from the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa to the ground, that Aristotle was wrong and that different weights all fall at the same pace, which increases with distance at a regular rate.

Happy Days in Padua

Though at the age of 21 Galileo had left Pisa University without his degree, through poverty, he was back there as a lecturer on mathematics at 24. Eventually he had to leave again because his discoveries and the manner in which he made them known were resented; and he went to Padua University and taught there in happiness with great prosperity for 18 years.

Often in Padua he lectured to as many as 2000 people. Here he was amply rewarded and appreciated and made many of his original observations of great value. They included the invention of the proportional compass and the first thermometer, the theoretical use of the pendulum for clocks, the discovery that motion once started goes on for ever if unrestrained, and the changeable state of the heavenly bodies, which before had been thought to be unalterable.

It was by his adoption and improvement of the telescope and his use of it to observe the planets that Galileo was most widely known. Through him "Creation widened in man's view."

Why Trouble Came to Him

Unfortunately he put forward his views with strong sarcasm against opponents when he was right and, as sometimes happened, when he was wrong; and he persisted in mixing up theology with his science. This brought him condemnation from the Church and commands to be silent, which he professed to obey and did not obey. The decision of the Pope was not that Galileo was heretical but that he was rash; and though some Catholic authorities condemned his conclusions as untrue, that view was never finally sanctioned by the Pope.

Galileo died on January 8, 1642, having been blind for several years. He had done the world great service and won wide honours, but had brought trouble on himself by impulsive actions and inconsistencies that a braver honesty would have avoided.



The Health of School Children in February

FEBRUARY is the shortest month of the year, but it usually shows the longest list of illness amongst children. In February vitality derived from the sunshine of the previous summer is almost at its lowest, and children fall easy victims to the inclement weather and the infection to which they are subjected.

In February, therefore, parents must watch their children's diet, since the providing of adequate nourishment is the only means of building up and maintaining that degree of health which can combat the adverse conditions of the month. At this time "Ovaltine" can be an invaluable part of a child's diet. It supplies just that nourishment which the usual dietary lacks, and which is so necessary to the growing child.

"Ovaltine" is made from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and eggs, and is recognised by eminent authorities all over the world as the food beverage which contains all the vital nutritive elements of a complete and perfect food, and also all the essential vitamins in correct ratio.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Great Britain and
Northern Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

LIVING IN THE SUNSHINE
OF GOOD HEALTHWhen a child is
out of sorts

Mrs. B. Jackson, 5, Vaughan Terrace, Great Houghton, Barnsley, writes:—"When my children are irregular in habit I find California Syrup of Figs does them more good than any other medicine. If they are bilious or get out of sorts and lose their appetite a dose soon seems to settle the stomach and makes them as bright and fit as can be. I have used California Syrup of Figs for about five years for my two children, and they like it so much that they would drink it out of the bottle if I would let them."

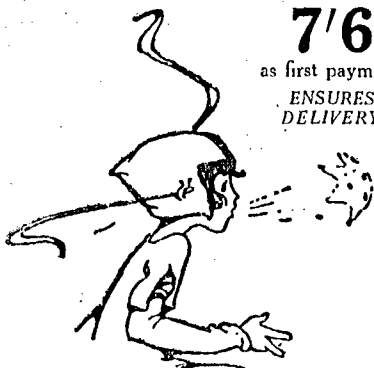
MOTHER! You do not need a medicine chest to "doctor" the common internal ills of childhood—just "California Syrup of Figs." This pleasant laxative will overcome the trouble, and coax the lazy organs back to regularity. Is a child subject to biliousness? A dose at the first sign will save the little one from the agonising headache and exhausting sickness of an attack; whilst regular use of "California Syrup of Figs" relieves the liver and removes the tendency. Children love this delicious laxative, and it suits them all.

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C.N.37

TO THOSE WHO WANT £5000 A YEAR From One Who Knows

Every night the great tower of the Underground Building in Westminster throws its shining light over London.

The other day the great chief of this building, Lord Ashfield, sent out this shining advice to all who will receive it:

The need for first-class men who are capable of earning £5000 and £10,000 a year has never been greater.

One aspect of this problem is that of procuring a constant supply of young persons equipped with a training such as will lead to them being readily absorbed into a business organisation. The existing standard of education, excellent as it is in certain directions, is not sufficient for this purpose.

It is desirable, if not imperative, that the ordinary school curriculum should be supplemented by specialised training. The speeding-up of business in every direction makes the possession of some specialised training a more urgent necessity than ever before.

Personality and force of character are other factors of incalculable importance in a business career. The fostering of these qualities in the schools presents an extremely difficult problem, but I think it possible that, in our laudable efforts to turn out respectable and orderly citizens of the community, we may sometimes have neglected this side of our teaching.

The possession of a specialised training and a strong personality are of inestimable value to the young man who aspires to success in a commercial career.

ALL GUESTS ABSENT

A Good Idea for Every Banquet

A dinner given to absent guests is the strangest kind of dinner we ever heard about since Ariel sent fairy food before the enemies of Prospero and then made the banquet vanish.

The Absent Guests dinner took place in Cairo. There were no high-spiced Eastern dishes or luscious fruits. Those who were there partook of lentils and cheese. They were the hosts, and had paid 5s. each.

The guests were far away in London, sleeping on the Embankment, or wandering about in search of work. The difference between the few coppers for the food cost and the 5s. the guests paid was sent by the Y.M.C.A. of Cairo to the Y.M.C.A. of London for the benefit of the unemployed.

It is such a good idea that it deserves to be copied. The man who first thought of it must be something of a charitable genius.

THE GIRL WITH THE BLUE RIBBON

This year the Rome Scholarship for painting, the Blue Ribbon of the art students, has been won by a girl, Miss Marjorie Brooks.

The Royal Academy Art Schools, where she learned painting, will rejoice with her, for this is the first time one of their students has won a Prix de Rome.

These prizes are famous all the world over. Many eminent painters have taken the first step up the ladder of fame with their assistance. Miss Brooks receives a special uplift, because the three years of the Rome Scholarship are added to the two-years scholarship which she won from the Royal Academy three years ago.

After this five-years apprenticeship to Art Miss Brooks, who has already exhibited a picture, The Work Room, at Burlington House, may, still studying, settle down to her life-work of emulating the great and modest Masters whose paintings she has seen.

C. L. N.

Stronger and Stronger HORSEN'S PICKWICKIANS

Number of Members—11,373

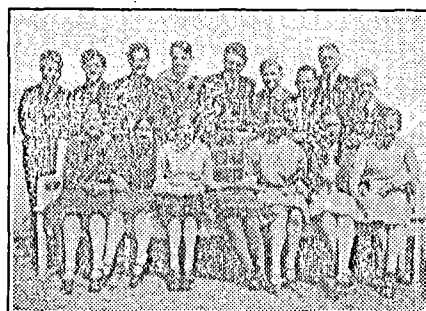
A very welcome addition comes to the C.L.N. this week from Denmark, where a class of the Horsen's Grammar School joins in a body.

This letter comes to the Editor of the C.N. signed by all these young Danes in a truly happy spirit:

The Pickwick Club wishes to send you its kindest regards and to express its joy at reading the C.N. and My Magazine.

The Pickwick Club is formed by the pupils of one of the upper forms of Horsen's Grammar School. We are seven girls and seven boys at the age of about 16, and are privileged to have an excellent English teacher, Mr. Friis-Hansen.

In the school we have English for five hours a week, and in addition to what we



The Pickwick Club

learn in school the aims of the club are to promote the knowledge of England, English affairs, and English culture through speaking English, reading English papers, writing letters, and so on.

The last thing we have done in this respect, every one of us, is to join the Children's League of Nations, hoping that its efforts may help to bring about peace for ever all over the world.

We wish our Danish members much happiness, and congratulate them on belonging to the gallant little nation which seems likely to win for itself the high honour of being the first European country to be disarmed. The movement for Disarmament is now taking practical shape in Denmark and we look forward with hope to its great influence on the other nations.

A C.L.N. Song

A member of the C.L.N. has sent us the following song which she has composed for the Children's League of Nations.

YOUTH and Maiden, stand together
In your strength and unity,
Fight injustice and oppression:
Stand for truth and liberty!
Make your life a consecration
To the noble aim of Peace!
Carry on the Cause men died for,
That for ever war shall cease.

OPEN lies your life before you,

Like a book with page unturned;
Live that life, that some are better
For the good that you have learned.
For yourselves and for your children
Pray that war may be no more:
Men shall beat their swords to plough-
shares

In this land—on every shore.

STRIVE, then, youth and gentle maiden!

May your efforts never cease
Till the whole wide world is circled
With the bond of truth and peace.
From beyond the seas and mountains,
Join the youth of every land
And through every tribe and kingdom
Peace shall reign at your command.

Emily M. Boniface

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Badge.

Each letter should give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school. A card and badge will be sent to you.

AFRICA'S LATEST MYTH

The Never-Never Bear HOW THE NATIVES TRICKED THE WHITE MEN

There is no bear in Africa south of the Atlas Mountains. The so-called Nandi bear proves to be a myth, and the British Museum has finally exploded it.

Such, at any rate, they believe. It goes without saying, of course, that they would have rejoiced to welcome a South African bear into the family circle of animals; they would accord such a creature a welcome as hearty as that extended to the gorilla, the duck-billed platypus, the okapi, and the dragons of Komodo. All these animals were once believed not to exist.

The Nandi bear, however, seems genuinely qualified for admittance into that ghostly gallery of Never-Never Animals in remote secluded Africa as to which native report is so constantly active and disproof so unfailing.

The long-sought bear was described as a six-toed animal of variable pattern, with huge head and appetite to match, given, like the fabulous unicorn, more to warfare against women and children than against brave men who could be questioned. All sorts of skins were shown, and the experts answered: Hyena!

An Old Native Hunter

Footprints which did seem to be six-toed were pointed out by natives, when again it was found that chance, and not Nature, had been responsible for adding impression to impression to suggest that six toes and not the normal number equipped this foot of mystery.

The evidence most hard to combat was forthcoming when an old native hunter from the wilds took to white men a skin and skull which at first sight were accepted as genuine bear of unknown species. Fortunately, there is a court of appeal less swayed by excitement and expectancy than the man on the spot.

The skin, on being examined by experts at home, proved to be that of a hyena; the skull was that of an exceptionally large leopard. The native had joined the two together, and found the white men as easily imposed on as white men often find the natives.

So there appears to be no Nandi bear. There is no bear at all in Africa south of that range of mountains where the legendary Atlas stood to bear the heavens on his shoulders.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

In the recent gales a big Turkey oak, said to be 150 years old, was uprooted in Kew Gardens.

Largest Lifeboat

Dover now has the largest and most powerful motor lifeboat in the world. She is fitted with wireless and has cost over £18,000.

20 Poor Ducks

During a severe storm at Kergadrier, near Lorient in Brittany, a flock of wild ducks in flight was struck by lightning, which killed twenty of them.

Books for the Blind

The National Institute for the Blind printed nearly 700,000 copies of Braille books, newspapers, and magazines last year.

Fire

Fires in Britain last year caused damage amounting to 15 million pounds and involved the loss of 800 lives. In the last ten years fire losses have totalled 120 million pounds.

The Warspite

A report of the Marine Society states that last year there were 362 boys in training on the Warspite. Of these 41 have been sent to the Royal Navy, 104 to the merchant navy, and 41 to other services.

HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON

A MAN WHO REMEMBERS JOHN BROWN

What it Was That Happened at Harper's Ferry

THE WRONG WAY OF DOING RIGHT

There is still a man alive who remembers John Brown before his body lay a-mouldering in the grave.

Willard Chambers Gompf was a small boy living at the little Virginian town of Harper's Ferry when one summer's day in 1859 four mysterious strangers arrived.

They took lodgings in a farmhouse, and there they remained doing nothing for two months. The townsfolk noticed that they were very religious, and found them pleasant in their manners. Little did anyone guess that their luggage was mostly ammunition.

Champion of the Slaves

The real name of one of them was John Brown. He had already become loved and hated as the champion of the slaves in Kansas. Many other Americans detested slavery, and sought to end it by propaganda, but Brown believed it would take a century to convert public opinion and get slavery abolished by an Act of Congress. While men argued, mothers were being sold away from their children, and old Negroes who could not work hard enough to please bad masters were being flogged. John Brown said slavery must stop now, even if it meant civil war.

So he determined to seize the Armoury at Harper's Ferry, where from fifteen hundred to two thousand guns were being made every month.

A Raid in the Night

Most people said afterwards that it was a mad scheme, and a lawless one, but in John Brown's veins ran the Puritan blood of Peter Brown of the Mayflower, urging him to act, and if need be to die, for the cause of human freedom! One night fifteen men met the four men from the farm, went quietly to the Armoury, and overpowered the night watchmen. Then parties of them went out and took certain prominent towns-men to their new stronghold as hostages.

Willard Gompf remembers how his uncle went to work at the Armoury next morning as usual, only to be seized and hustled inside as a prisoner.

Soon the little town was seething with excitement. It woke up to the fact that a party of armed men had seized the Armoury and had some 60 captives there. Few people realised that John Brown was the commander, or that he wanted to free the slaves. If they had realised this, perhaps there would have been less fear and cruelty in the hearts of the townsfolk.

Overwhelmed

Unluckily for Brown there had been a flood not long before, and many rifles had been removed from the Armoury. Scores of men armed themselves, and soon the nineteen in the Armoury were hemmed in by a superior force. On the following day a party of marines arrived under Colonel Robert E. Lee.

Brown's tiny force could not hold out long against overwhelming numbers. A few of his men tried to escape across the river, only to be shot. Brown had seized the Armoury on Sunday night; by Tuesday morning he was compelled to surrender by a thousand armed men, having only eight alive on his own side. Brown was struck down, and lay on the ground for 18 hours. Then he was carried off in chains to Charlestown gaol. He asked that his trial might be postponed till his wounds healed, but this was denied, and he lay down during the trial. He was convicted of treason on October 31, and on December 2 he was

HOME OF EUROPE'S NEW BANK

Basle and Its Attractions
SWITZERLAND'S SECOND CITY

By Our Geneva Correspondent

The International Bank has, after long waiting, found its home in the Swiss city of Basle. The acceptance of the Young Plan by Germany and the Powers has fixed it once for all.

Not many other cities of Europe, if any, are placed at a point where three countries meet; the peak of a snow-capped mountain, for example, is the meeting-point of Switzerland, Italy, and France, and that would be very little use for a bank. Basle is also the second largest city of Switzerland and stands on an international river, the Rhine.

A Scheme Still in Dreamland

Quite a number of enthusiastic Swiss people place many hopes in a scheme for joining the Rhine at Basle to the Rhône near Geneva, and so making a waterway from the North Sea to the Mediterranean through Switzerland, but such a scheme presents many difficulties in this mountainous country. If it should ever materialise then Basle would greatly increase its importance as a river port. Basle is already a meeting-place for international railway and air lines.

If, when we are visiting Switzerland, we ever stop to wonder how, in a landlocked country, we are constantly supplied with salt-water fish for our meals, Basle is the key to the riddle. Over a thousand tons of fish arrive there by fast trains during the year, are stored in the refrigerating chambers of the wholesale merchants, and are then conveyed speedily on demand even to the highest mountain resorts.

The Swiss Parliament has lately come to an agreement with Germany to increase the traffic on the Rhine from Strasbourg to Basle. There was practically none ten years ago, and now both food and fuel come to Switzerland in large quantities by that route, and Basle has become a bigger port than Bingen, Coblenz, or Bonn.

First Bridge Over the Rhine

The first bridge to be built over the Rhine is claimed by Basle, showing it to be of importance in the Middle Ages, and long before that the Romans had a fortified camp there, where routes from Italy over the various mountain passes met. The city has the oldest of the seven universities of Switzerland, made famous by Erasmus. Holbein lived within its gates for many years, and a splendid collection of his pictures is guarded there as a precious treasure.

When the city joined the Confederation of Swiss States in 1501 it built a fine new City Hall to celebrate the event, and there it stands today, painted red all over, with a giant figure in bright colours on the side of its tower.

Continued from the previous column

hanged. His death did what he had failed to do while living; it roused the heart of America. Soon the anti-slavery forces were marching to the song

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,

But his soul goes marching on!

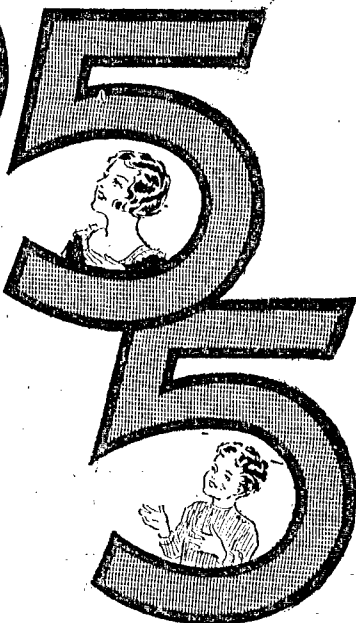
Now an old man who lived at Harper's Ferry as a boy cherishes a glimpse of John Brown as his most precious memory. He can testify that all Brown's hostages spoke of his kindness and courage, and not one was hurt.

Only six of Brown's enemies fell at Harper's Ferry. Of his supporters who suffered with him not one died unwillingly. They knew their deaths would hasten the day when the Negro slaves of America would be free, and though John Brown was mistaken, and chose the wrong way of doing right, his name lives on in song and history, and in the hearts of men.

Can you do 30 MOVES of the Van Houten Pasalong Puzzle given away last Month



Because it is difficult, besides the larger prizes of £600 there are 500 cash prizes of £1 5000 consolation prizes of Chocolate for the best attempt of 30 moves and over



If you have done 30 moves or over without completing the Puzzle send your Solution in; you may get at least one of these Prizes. By special request the CLOSING DATE IS EXTENDED to March 31st, 1930, but results will be published on Monday, 21st April, as already announced.

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Puzzles still obtainable from your Grocer or from Van Houten Ltd., 15/17, City Road, London, E.C.1. Enclose 1d. postage.

What are they like—At Home?



"Her Mightiness" is a very different girl at home where she grudgingly helps with the washing-up. Do not judge by appearances is the advice of Horace Richards, who contributes a delightfully amusing article to this week's issue of SCHOOL-DAYS. He shows very clearly that people are their true selves at home—and often very different from the kind, good-natured people we think we know. Are you like that? Be sure you get your copy of

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THE SHADOW

A Serial Story by Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 39 An Empty Room

DINNER was over when Peter got back to Falcon's Flight, to learn that they had not been anxious about Charity, reflecting that she had been detained by the storm which, for all they knew, might have been much worse at the Riding end of the moor than at their end.

At once he gave them Mrs. Mandeverell's note, and while he was having some supper they read it together. Mrs. Grevel with a frown which she turned to a smile, remarking upon the loquacious lady's assurance in keeping her guest so late without asking permission, and Colonel Grevel with a smile which he turned to a frown as he scanned the weather.

Major Chris neither smiled nor frowned. When they gathered presently on the terrace, and had turned their chairs with one instinct toward the moor, he sat with expressionless face and no words left his lips. Mr. Scharner sat very quietly, too, but Peter noticed his eyes passing now and then round their circle.

The night was oppressively close. It seemed that the storm had not maintained itself long enough to clear the air.

Mr. Scharner was the first to make a move. "It's after ten o'clock!" he exclaimed, and, rising, he bade them good-night and passed softly into the house.

"I never knew a fellow move about so quietly," Colonel Grevel remarked when they were alone.

"No?" uttered Major Chris, with a queer intonation.

But how quiet all of them were while they waited for Charity.

Then Mrs. Grevel began to fidget. "There's no sign of a moon!" she declared. "Do you think Mrs. Mandeverell will venture the moor in the dark?"

Colonel Grevel said, "No! She'll keep Charity with her all night."

"But we can't go to bed yet."

"Oh, no," said the Colonel at once.

Peter was thinking, "Suppose the falcon flew now? But it's too dark. We couldn't distinguish it. And we couldn't hear it."

And then he longed to get Major Chris to himself; he was longing for the summons to wheel the chair in. So he turned an intent look on his ally. But the silent figure in the chair gave no sign; it seemed to be listening.

For what? For the car? They were all listening for the car. Stronger and stronger Peter felt the conviction that Major Chris was listening—for something else.

The baying of a hound which rose from the darkness, deep-throated, heavy, and distant, and as suddenly ceasing!

Colonel Grevel jumped up.

"That will be the car at last!" he cried out. "The dogs have heard its engine out on the moor. Hark! You'll hear them give tongue again in a moment!"

They waited without a movement, but no new sound came.

The Colonel went down the drive and was gone for some minutes; when he returned he shook his head to his wife. "It wasn't the car," he remarked. "And I can't hear the dogs at all."

"Have you left the gates wide?"

"Yes. And Abbot's down there. But the car won't come tonight. There won't be any moon now."

"And scarcely a star," uttered Major Chris, breaking his silence.

"Then what are we going to do?" Mrs. Grevel said faintly. "We can't go to bed till we know that Charity is safe. What time is it?" she added after a pause.

"Charity's safe enough," Colonel Grevel's voice faltered. "Charity's safe enough," he repeated in firmer tones. "If they started and had a breakdown they've gone back to Riding. But the odds are they never started. They'll arrive in the morning."

"I asked what time it was?"

"It's half-past eleven. Time we all turned in," Colonel Grevel said lightly.

Mrs. Grevel had risen and was close at his side now. "I'm cold," she shivered. "We had better go into the hall."

And as they passed in, Major Chris propelling himself, Peter caught her voice in an urgent whisper. "I can't sleep. I can't sleep. I can't sleep till I know," she was whispering.

Every light in the hall was at its full blaze. With his hands in his pockets Colonel Grevel paced up and down.

"We are so cut off; we are so cut off!" he was muttering; and then again, as a man who would throw off a load, he would suddenly come to a standstill and jerk back his shoulders, and forcing a smile would exclaim, "Why, of course, she's all right!"

Mrs. Mandeverell will look after her. You can be sure of that."

"We scarcely know the woman," sighed Mrs. Grevel.

He moved to his wife and kissed her. "Dear," he said gently, "no harm is going to come to a wee girl like Charity."

Major Chris's half-closed eyes shot a quick glance toward Peter.

"Oh, send a groom into Torridge. Please!" was her answer.

"And tell him to telephone the police to telephone Riding? Wake Mrs. Mandeverell up in the middle of the night to inquire if Charity's with her?"

Mrs. Grevel said, "We can't study Mrs. Mandeverell. She should never have taken Charity into Torridge. She ought to have brought her back after tea as she promised."

Colonel Grevel nodded, and while he stood pursing his lips the voice of Major Chris broke into the pause.

"Can Mr. Scharner ride?" it uttered.

Queer question!

"Scharner! Why Scharner?" the Colonel exclaimed, wheeling round.

"Send him on a horse to Torridge if he can ride."

Colonel Grevel stared. "But I've grooms!" he rejoined. "We can rouse one."

"But Scharner might make better time of your errand, for I fancy he's learned the moor pretty thoroughly, Grevel." Then he added to Peter: "Go up and fetch him!"

Peter had wondered why Major Chris had suggested sending Scharner. But he did not wonder now, for he glimpsed his friend's object. This was to ascertain Scharner's whereabouts without alarming Mrs. Grevel.

Peter raced from the room and raced up the stairs, and on his way he remembered the bay of the dog, the savage, watchful bay which had instantly soothed itself. And Peter recalled how Major Chris had appeared to be listening for some sound other than that which the rest had awaited. Had he been listening for the dogs to give tongue, then stop because the step which had passed

them was a familiar step, the figure which had gone gliding past them familiar, or the voice which had hushed them familiar?

Peter's heart was beating fast as he reached Scharner's door, and knocked, and knocked again, drummed with his knuckles. Then he pushed it open and entered.

The room was empty. Both Mr. Scharner and his suitcase had gone.

CHAPTER 40 Word is Brought

WHEN Peter got back to the hall he saw a strange man there, and Abbot hovering about him in a scared fashion.

Colonel Grevel was stilling Abbot. "It's all right," he uttered, as he raised his eyes slowly from the scribbled message to the man who had brought it; and yet to Peter it seemed that his face had gone grey. "It's all right, man! It's all right!" he kept repeating to Abbot. "Give this fellow some coffee and send him away."

But Peter, with that empty room on his mind, could not resist the sensation that all was not right.

Colonel stood crumpling the note in his fingers. Peter's eyes went to its carrier, turning with Abbot. The man looked, as he slouched after Abbot, like one of the moor folk, some rustic. And as soon as Peter's gaze returned to the Colonel he discerned on the fellow's shoes some flecks of bright crimson; sealing wax; so the note had been sealed; transmitted in a sealed envelope. Peter perceived the envelope next, on the floor, all crushed up.

Colonel Grevel appeared unconscious of Peter's return. He was crumpling the note and smoothing it out again—mechanically, like a man whose mind is elsewhere. Beside him watched Mrs. Grevel, her mouth and limbs trembling. He stooped and drew her to him, spoke in a whisper.

Then, still-fingering the note, crushing it into a ball, he suddenly grew conscious of Peter's presence. He looked at him, queerly at first, as though at a stranger. Peter uttered at once:

"Mr. Scharner is not in his room, sir."

"Not in his room?" Colonel Grevel's tone was indifferent.

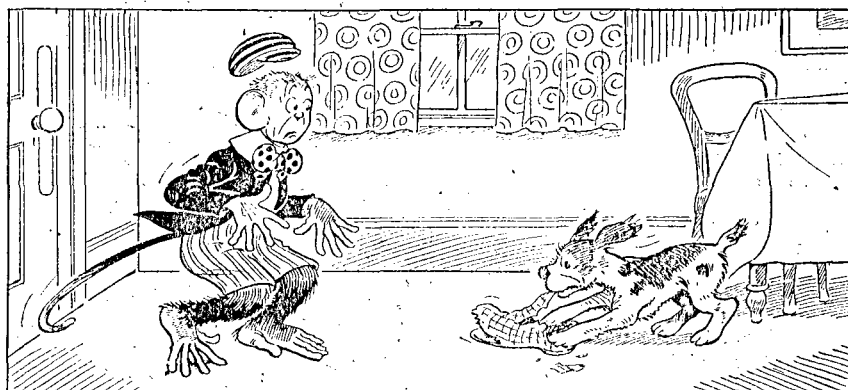
JACKO LOSES A FORTUNE

It was very hard, Jacko thought, for one doesn't make a fortune every day in the week.

One day he was the proud possessor of one pound, three shillings, and sixpence; the next nothing remained of it

lock-up drawer; he would have to hide it. Jacko looked about him.

An old, cast-off pair of Father's slippers caught his eye. The very place! He took one up, stuffed the note in the toe out of sight, and put the shoe back



There was precious little of the shoe left, either

but a few bits of damp paper. Jacko had eaten the three shillings and sixpence—at the pastrycook's—and the dog had eaten the pound note.

When, during the Monkeyville floods, Jacko had rowed the neighbours to and from town, and had made a nice little sum for his trouble, his father had asked him what he meant to do with it.

"You're not to waste it," he said. "Give it to me and I'll put it in the Post Office for you. It will be a good beginning."

"Think how nice it will be," said Mother Jacko persuasively, "to have an account of your own."

Jacko agreed, but said he thought it would be nicer to spend it.

"On what, dear?" asked his mother.

"Don't know," replied Jacko. "I haven't decided yet."

But in the meantime, while he was making up his mind, he wondered where he could put it for safety. He had no

where he had found it. Then he went out and forgot all about it.

When he came home to tea that afternoon he found Big Sister Belinda had arrived.

"Hallo, Belinda!" grinned Jacko. "Brought Binks with you?" (Binks was a dog, Belinda's latest pet.)

"Of course," replied Belinda. "Why, where is the darling?"

"He's all right," called out Mother Jacko from the next room. "He's having a game with Father's slipper."

"Oh, is he?" cried Father Jacko.

"Only an old one," said Mother Jacko. "I can't think where he found it," she added.

Jacko could have told her; he was out of the room in a flash.

But he was too late. By the time he reached the dog his fortune was reduced to a few damp and very dirty bits of paper. And there was precious little of the shoe left, either!

"No," said Peter uneasily. "No, sir. It looks as if he had gone from the house."

"From the house," Colonel Grevel repeated in that same lifeless tone. Then he pulled himself up with a start. He stood very straight. His natural voice had come back. "We must all go to bed," he said. "No harm has happened to Charity. She will be back in the morning."

And now he looked at his wife, and now looked round the hall, from oriel window to the lofty arch of the chimney-piece, from the stands of mail and armour to the great staircase. Without a word and slowly his eye travelled everywhere, till Peter received the impression of one taking leave, of one who looks his last on well-loved surroundings and would take a silent leave of them in his mind.

Old Abbot had entered again.

"Is there anything more, sir?"

"No. Lock up and send the servants to bed."

Abbot would have lingered. A gesture dismissed him. He went, but as he went he kept glancing round.

"Are you sure there is nothing more I can do, sir?"

"No, nothing. Good-night, Abbot."

"And Miss Charity, sir?"

"She'll be back in the morning, I tell you. She is quite safe."

Abbot closed the door softly.

And then Colonel Grevel's straight, stiff figure relaxed, and he stepped to the side of the silent man in the chimney recess, letting his hand fall lightly on that frail shoulder, letting it rest lightly there while he went on speaking.

"Good-night, Fernie, old man. Good-night, old friend," he breathed quietly. His face twitched, and he seemed to be about to say more, but, whatever it was, he broke it off, and turned swiftly and slipped his arm under his wife's.

"Off with you to bed!" he exclaimed then to Peter.

He smiled at Peter, with a gesture toward the great staircase.

So Peter called out, "Good-night, Major Chris!" and went up. He went up in front of Colonel and Mrs. Grevel, he heard their tread mounting step by step behind him. At the head of the staircase he paused to wish them good-night. Again Colonel Grevel smiled at him, then gripped his hand.

"Good luck, lad," he muttered.

Mrs. Grevel's face was averted. Peter passed on.

Straight to his room he went. But not to remain there. He must speak with Major Chris, must pour out his forebodings.

So, with his mind in this whirl and this agitation, Peter waited a little time, then, removing his boots, he opened his door without noise and slipped into the passage. In his stocking feet he stole on, and down the long corridor, holding his breath as he passed Mrs. Grevel's room, holding his breath, but catching it the next instant, drawing it in with the guilty start of a trespasser, so distinctly did he hear from that room a deep muffled sobbing, sobbing as if the heart in the body would break, helplessly sobbing, to the undertone of a man's voice broken and pleading.

Peter sped past, feeling as one who does sacrilege in overhearing. Not even to Major Chris should this be disclosed. He sped past and came to the hall with a face as white as chalk. He was sure that in the hall he would find Major Chris still.

"Ah, I knew you'd come down, Peter. Good man, Peter. There's lots of work to be done."

The tone braced Peter. It stiffened him. He said: "Scharner's a traitor. That's sure. Or he wouldn't have gone. He has taken most of his things with him too. Oh, that stamps him."

Major Chris said, "Don't talk so loud. Yes, Scharner has bested us. Either he's gone because we were getting too near to the truth, though what that natural truth is— Or his disappearance has something to do with Charity's. Peter, he foxed us yesterday when we were tackling him, though, as I told you, he hadn't left me quite satisfied."

"Nor me!" broke in Peter. "Nor me! I couldn't make up my mind."

"Well, we struck too early, or too late by weeks; I say that he fled for the sake of his skin because we had alarmed him—"

"Or he's fled because he's in league with Mrs. Mandeverell."

"Oh, her!" Major Chris's eyes were wide open and scornful. "She's only the decoy, Peter."

"But she has outwitted us."

"Then you think they have spirited Charity away in order to strike through her at her father?"

"Oh, I know it!" groaned Peter.

TO BE CONTINUED

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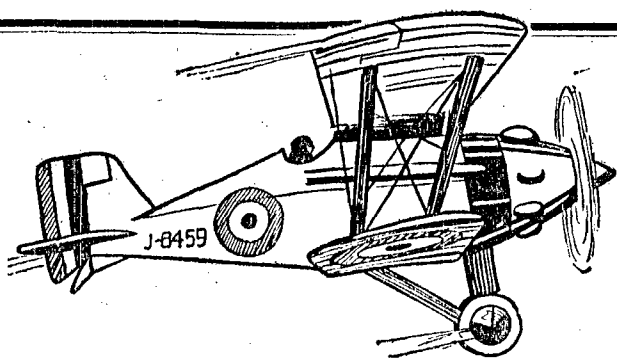
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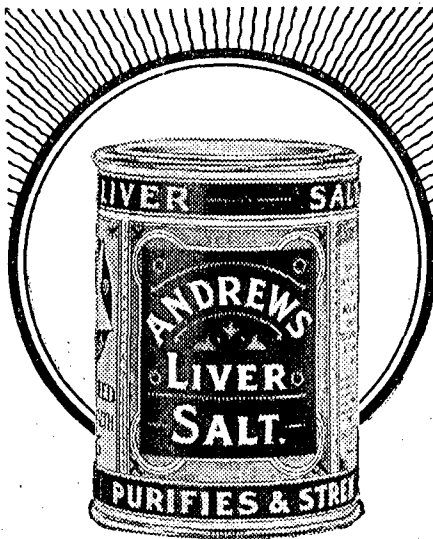
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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 8, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

Buying Books

A MAN who had just returned from a visit to the book-seller's was asked how many books he had bought.

"Well," he replied, "if I had bought as many more and half as many more and seven besides I should have bought thirty-two."

How many books did he buy?

Answer next week

Sayings That Shakespeare Created

THEREBY hangs a tale. As You Like It, II. 7.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Twelfth Night, II. 5.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Henry IV, Part 2, III. 1.

Who steals my purse steals trash. Othello, III. 3.

I must be cruel, only to be kind. Hamlet, III. 4.

Let On Parle Français



Un établi Une couverture Un mendiant

Le menuisier travaille à l'établi.
Il y a une couverture sur le lit.
Le mendiant demande l'aumône.

Missing Vowels

BELOW are four well-known proverbs in which the vowels have been replaced by asterisks. Can you name the proverbs?

*SS*SC*RRY*TSII*RS*S*

TTII*M

*T*S*L*NGL*M*TH*TH*S*N*T*

RN*NG

*N*SW*LL*WD*S*N*TM*K*S*

*MM*R

*L*V*D*G*SB*TT*RTII*N*D

DLN

Answer next week

Is Your Name Ainger?

THOSE bearing this surname are no doubt descendants of someone who came from the French town of Angers, for Ainger is only a corrupted spelling of Angers. The surname Anger has the same French origin.

A Notice for Litter Louts

NEVER LEAVE

Banana Skins, Orange Peel, Paper, Empty Tins, or other Litter

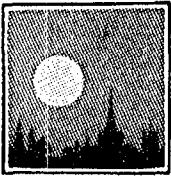
ABOUT THE PLACE

It's a rotten thing to do, for IT MAKES THE WORLD LESS BEAUTIFUL and spoils it for other people.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the

South-East. In the evening Jupiter is in the South and Neptune is in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on February 12.



The Simplest Animal

THE simplest animal is the amoeba, a creature which sometimes measures only a hundredth of an inch in diameter.

It has no fixed shape and no definite organs such as arms, legs, head, mouth, and so on. It is simply a minute piece of jelly, surrounding a central nucleus of protoplasm. It eats by wrapping itself round its food, and progresses by flowing movements of its body.

The Words We Speak and How They Came

Write. The actual meaning of the word write is to scratch or cut slightly, as when we score letters on a piece of soft wood by scratching or cutting with the point of a penknife. It is a Teutonic word, and the method of writing practised by our

Teuton forefathers was to scratch their characters or letters on bark or wood or stone.

They were not the only people to do this, for the words scribe and script and inscription and other similar words from the Latin verb scribere, to write, and words ending in graphy, such as stenography, calligraphy, geography, and biography, meaning a special kind of writing or a writing about some particular subject, from the Greek *graphein*, to write, have exactly the same meaning, namely a scratching.

Animal Word Pyramid

THE following clues indicate words which when placed one below the other will form a pyramid of words. The central letters form the name of a small fish.

Head of a snake. Animal akin to man. Wading bird. Kind of monkey. Large sea bird.

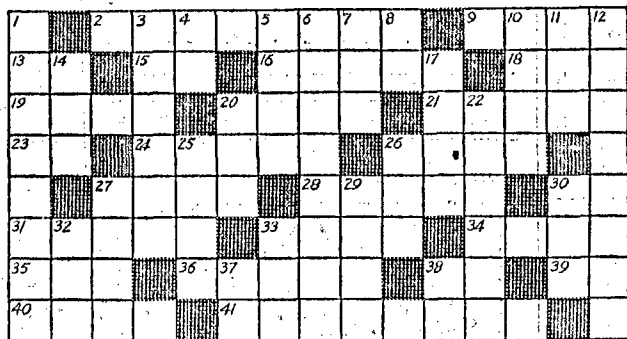
Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Buying Lace 1 yd. 1 ft. 3 in. Diagonal Acrostic
at 5d. an inch. Charming
The Weight of a dormouse
Brick mackerel
Two pounds. darkness
Word Square portable
E R O S serrated
R A N T devotion
O N L Y staccato
S T Y X What Am I?
Telephone.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 47 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which are given below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 2. Denial. 9. In this place. 13. Indefinite article. 15. Automobile Association.* 16. Fossil resin. 18. Forbid. 19. Oceans. 20. Mature. 21. Choose. 23. French for and. 24. Tremulous sound. 26. Metal. 27. Swarm. 28. Water animal. 30. Indefinite article. 31. Accustom. 33. Periods. 34. Vocal music. 35. French for no. 36. Less coarse. 38. Exist. 39. Chemical symbol for thallium. 40. Woody plant. 41. Band together.

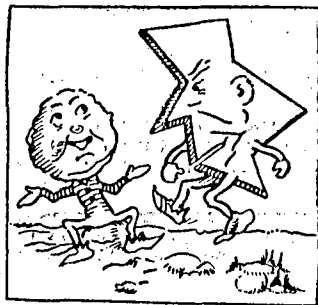
Reading Down. 1. Privilege. 3. Christian festival. 4. Georgia.* 5. Termination. 6. Begged. 7. Order of the British Empire.* 8. Compass point.* 10. Made of ebony. 11. Tap. 12. Involve in difficulties. 14. Mesh. 17. Scarce. 20. Edge. 22. English county. 25. Coral bed. 26. Possessive pronoun. 27. Melody. 29. Weed. 30. Small insect. 32. Neither. 33. Compass point.* 37. Supposing. 38. Bachelor of Arts.*

Dr MERRYMAN

A Sure Thing

OLD Sam the carter was often to be seen hitting his horse. "Why is it," he was asked, "that you always hit your poor old horse on the one side?" "Well," said Sam, "I reckon that if I get one side going the other is sure to follow."

A Double Disappearance



A SNOWBALL met a Sheet of Ice, And they rejoiced together. "It is," they said, "extremely nice

To have such frosty weather." But in the night a thaw took place, And, greatly to our sorrow, Although we searched we couldn't trace Those two upon the morrow!

Safety First

A BOY went into a chemist's shop to use the telephone and called up Dr. Brown. The chemist heard him ask if the doctor wanted a boy, and then, to the doctor's answer, he said: "Oh, if you're quite satisfied with him I needn't trouble you farther."

The chemist felt sorry for the disappointed lad and offered him a job.

"But I don't need one!" said the boy. "What!" exclaimed the chemist. "You've just been asking Dr. Brown for a job." "Oh no," the lad explained. "I'm the Doctor's boy, and I just wanted to see how I stood!"

Working Together

MR. SMITH was learning to drive a car.

"How are you getting on with your driving lessons?" an old friend asked him.

"Oh, splendidly," was the enthusiastic reply. "The road is beginning to turn when I turn."

His Sacrifice

JONES: What is a patriotic orator?

Robinson: Oh, he's the fellow who wants to lay down your life for his country.

A NOVELIST THAT LASTS

WHO WAS HE?

THERE are far more novels written now than ever before, and far fewer are of the kind that lasts.

They are read for a brief excitement, and are forgotten. They fizz like rockets and disappear as quickly. But the real novels, of which so few are now written, tell us tales of real life and give us friends we can think of, talk of, and never forget. We can put them on our shelves and read them again and again.

One such novelist is coming back into favour because his tales picture human character such as we may all know, and are not made up of mere sensation. Their writer was born to write. His mother wrote novels and

books of travel. She had to, to keep the family, for his father was an impractical man and a failure.

The son got an appointment in the post office, which he improved and kept for many years. He became a district superintendent of post offices, and travelled about a good deal. Then, in his spare time, he wrote novels about the kind of life he was seeing wherever he was. He was very industrious, and wrote steadily every day what he had planned to write, so that in the end he wrote a great deal—between forty and fifty books. Altogether he received for his writing about £70,000.

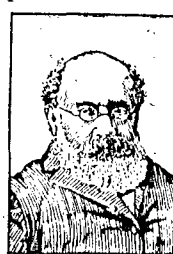
We know all about his way of writing because he has

told it in his Autobiography. There is no mystery in his life. Indeed his candour did him harm, for people who like strange things said how regular and how dull he must have been. But he was not dull; he saw a great deal of varied human life, watched it keenly, enjoyed it, and turned it into fiction that pictures the kind of things that really matter, that we all love, and laugh about, and grieve about, and that make up the staple of life; and as time goes on his books will be a record of what English life was like, in certain circles, during the last half of the 19th century.

He was very fond of hunting, and found time for a good deal of it. So he wrote about

people who hunt—country life, squires and country magnates, and the clergy and what goes on in cathedral cities.

He visited Egypt and the West Indies, as well as Australia and South Africa, and wrote books on these places. Later, when he lived in London, he wrote of political ambitions. But it is all

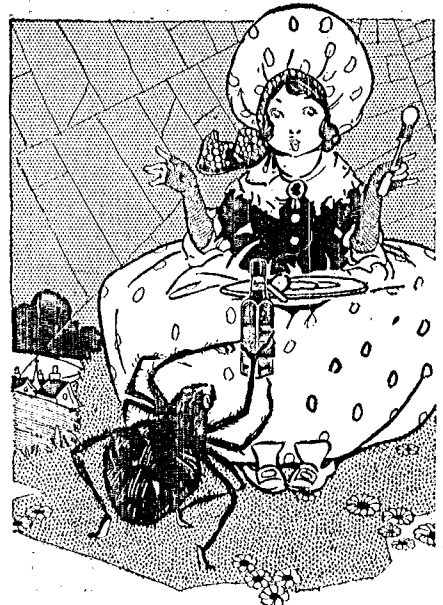


real life, not crimes and the crooked ways of the few and the false. His books are a big panorama of character and are restful and real. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

For your throat

The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat. They dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

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Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet.

Eating her dinner one day
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her
And this he was heard
to say—

"It seems to me
A little H.P.

Would help it along its
way."

Ask your Grocer for H.P.—the nicest
Sauce of any.